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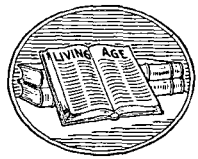

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LENINE AND HIS PROGRAMME

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW

BY HENRI CROISIER

It is not my intention to summon this man of hate, who lived only for civil war and for the joy of shedding blood, before the bar of justice. The future will do this, if, indeed, it is not already done before these lines appear. His deeds of blood rise before him and shape themselves into the most crushing indictment which ever could be brought against a man.

It is difficult to judge him with impartiality. Lenine has done too much harm, he has wakened the instincts of anger and hatred of even those who accepted his régime of 'justice and social equality' with resignation. If I undertake the criticism of his work, I shall try to write objectively, to forget the days I spent at Petrograd, those ten months of arbitrary dealing and outrageous vexations; I shall lay aside all that might reveal my hate for this egalitarian ruffian; I shall try, however, to show the limits of that 'liberal spirit' which our ideologues are conferring upon him, and to expose the pretended messiah and infatuated pontiff of those without a country or a belief.

Moreover, if I am to believe the echoes that I hear, I shall only be following in the footsteps of those moderate Socialists who see in Lenine 'only a grotesque destroyer, a doctrinaire hostile to orderly evolution, the bitter and brutal fanatic who has done his best to discredit that communism to which even the wisest of democratic minds were turning.'

I shall hold to this definition in my study of his work.

I know nothing more striking than his life history, nothing more human and tragic. Marked as if by destiny from childhood, he pursues alone, hidden behind pseudonyms, a bloody, grandiloquent and impossible dream. His thought has but one aim, the letting loose of universal uproar. But this irreducible enemy of society, this bigoted defender of the proletariat, knows nothing whatsoever of that life which he aims to rebuild upon new foundations, his journeys to foreign lands have taught him nothing about the mentality of those peoples whom

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he pretends to understand; he has had no comprehension of their ideals. His famous *Letter to American Workingmen*, his *Counsels and Instructions for Swiss Comrades*, are better fitted to rouse indignation than the masses; his science is a purely bookish affair with all the gaps which this fact connotes; his brain, imperfectly furnished, is but a kind of chaotic and intellectual hostelry. He takes illusion for reality. Lenine is a man of one idea and one dream.

His biography helps us to a better understanding of him. Unlike the majority of Russian revolutionists, Vladimir Oulianof (N. Lenine) was born in the Orthodox faith. He saw the light of day on the 23d of April, 1870, at Simbirsk, in which his father held the post of director general of primary schools.

According to the testimony of his comrades at the *lycée*, Oulianof was a model pupil, the upholder of the honor of the class. Little, sickly, awkward, red-haired and with gimlet eyes, already unsociable, he ransomed his physical defects by solid moral and intellectual qualities. A solitary and a dreamer, they knew that he burned with a hidden flame, but no one foresaw that this flame would one day set fire to Russia and the world. His love of discussion had already marked him out as an able debater; he mastered the professor every time the latter wandered into a digression. Not to be beaten on any point, first in all things, he proved, nevertheless, dead to art; a fact which is quite sufficient to explain the vulgarity of his ideas and of the total absence of æsthetic feeling in them; he pretends to replace form with formulas.

A graduate, he goes to Kazan to begin his law studies. His dream goes with him. He soon becomes the most famous and perhaps the most listened-to propagandist in the University. In 1887 his brother is hanged for having plotted against the person of Alexander III. The proceedings include our hero who is unconditionally expelled. All his life long, he will cherish the hatred born of this experience and spit it in the face of the world.

Forced from his work, he enters upon his real vocation, he begins a commentary of Karl Marx's *Capital* and Lasalle's works. His cult for Karl Marx has something psychically strange about it; he does not make himself his defender or his intellectual son, but his bulldog. For him *Das Kapital* is no longer the work of an economist; the political testament of a closet philosopher, it is the 'Political Gospel of the Future' all in capital letters. A false aphorism 'Workingmen have no country,' gives him an excuse for discussing his theory of internationalism. On the pretext that Marx recommended 'the union of instruction with production,' he speaks imperturbably, of 'free, obligatory, general instruction of the polytechnique type,' this to be dealt out to children of both sexes up to seventeen years.

Five years later we find him at Petersburg establishing contact with the labor groups. Soon he becomes the very soul of the 'Federation of the Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class,' which he founds in 1895. His activity is feverish: propagandist, agitator, lecturer, publicist, clandestine printer, one finds him everywhere, under assumed names. He dwells in his communist Nirvana, and sows those aphorisms and notions which are later to be a part of the credo of Bolshevism. Under the name of Toumine, he fights against the conciliating and bourgeois tendencies of the Socialists of the time. Then he is arrested, and sent to Siberia. And away he goes, with his dream and his fury of bitterness. It is from a jail that he de-

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velops party tactics, following what he calls the principles of international Socialism.

Released, he goes abroad, prepared for his rôle on the world stage. We find him at the head of the journal *Iskra* (*The Spark*) and the review *Zaria* (*The Dawn*) in both of which he thunders against the 'soft opportunism' of the economists of the Russian revolutionary party. The year 1903 marks a stage in his life; he is consecrated high chief. At the second conference of the party, he declaims against the conciliatory policy of Plekhanof, representative of the minority (in Russian, menchenstivo) and after the division which followed, he became a leader of the majority (bolchenstivo), hence Bolsheviki.

The attempted revolution of 1905 finds him once more in Russia. It is he who engineers the elections to the second imperial Douma, and to the Socialist congress of London. But soon he is pointed out to Stolypine, victorious Tsarism forces him once more into exile; he goes to a foreign land, and as a member of the Central Committee, becomes one of the standard bearers of world Socialism.

Till 1914, he guides from afar the political lines of the Petersburg journals *Pravda* and *Prosviéchénié*.

The great revolution finds him in Switzerland. We all know how, as an ambassador of Wilhelm's, he had the honor of a special carriage in which to cross Germany. His last words at Selémont to the comrades Grimm and Platten have the insolence of a defiance.

'I am going to prove to you how a man can make history.'

Although there was as yet no question of Bolshevism, Petrograd acclaimed with music, Lenine and his aids; a proof, this, of the mental aberration into which those revolutionaries had strayed who are to-day washing their hands free of all guilt. Moreover, by this we know that it was not Lenine who destroyed the internal structure of the Russian State. Such a belief is false. He only trampled on what had already been broken down, the army had been for a long time disorganized, and Prikase No. 1 was soon to destroy it utterly; more than 10,000 officers had already paid with their lives for their devotion to duty; the propaganda of Lenine simply converted this force into a band of pillaging brigands. The Fleet — it soon became of use only as an illustration that boats will float; the depots of the Baltic, Kronstadt itself, were but empty walls, the lust for pillage had done its work, the officers, drowned by hundreds under the ice of the Gulf of Finland were no longer by to call the men to their duty; from the beginning Lenine was closely bound to these sailor mutineers who, decked like loose women, stinking of cheap brandy and blood, made themselves the champions of the fouler work of Bolshevism. The Ministry? The Agrarian Question? There, too, the hour of the hunt had sounded; Lenine, lacking hounds, was soon to unleash his wolves and hyenas.

The programme applied by Lenine in Russia was not the work of a day; it is the result of many international social democratic conferences. It is in truth a kind of reversal to primitive times, a general earthquake whose results it is impossible to predict. I hasten to add that this programme is based on false principles and outworn aphorisms. Lenine, a Russian and a former subject of the Tsars, was to introduce into this programme an extreme element, a class despotism of the most brutal type.

Here are the leading ideas of this famous programme.

Bourgeois capitalism is exploiting more and more the mass of the pro-

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letariat. Industrial superproduction, far from benefiting the workingman, tends rather to his enslavement.

If we would remedy these evils, we must bear in mind:

In replacing private property intended for the production and the circulation of products by common property, and in introducing an organized social system of production intended to secure the well-being of society, the social revolution of the proletariat will suppress the division of society by classes, and by so doing will liberate all oppressed humanity; this will be the end of all exploitation of one class by another.

The condition governing such a social revolution is the dictatorship of the proletariat, that is to say, the conquest of political power by the proletariat, a thing which will permit it to overcome the resistance of all its exploiters. In taking upon itself the task of making the proletariat capable of accomplishing its great historic mission, international Socialism organizes the proletariat into an independent political party opposed to all bourgeois parties, guides all the manifestations of the class struggle, teaches the proletariat the irreconcilable contradiction between its interests and those of its exploiters, and illumines the masses concerning the historic importance and the necessary conditions of the coming social revolution.

The accomplishment of this task first requires:

'An immediate break with the bourgeois process of paralyzing Socialism which has turned the higher parties of official Socialism from their duty. This process of paralyzing is sustained on the one hand by social-chauvinism, word-socialism, which, by its rallying cry, "the defense of the home land," protects the interest of its own bourgeois brigands; on the other hand by the *soi-disant* "centre" groups which are allied with the social patriots, etc. . . .'

Secondly:

'The proletariat party cannot be satisfied with the parliamentary and bourgeois republic, which, the world over, preserves and strives to preserve the monarchic instruments for the oppression of the masses—*viz.*, the police: the army and the privileged bureaucracy.'

Finally:

'The party struggles for the republic of the proletariat and the peasantry in which the police and the army will be suppressed and replaced by the general arming of the people. All persons occupying a public post shall be liable to removal at any instant at the demand of a majority of their electors, the salaries paid to these people, without a single exception, shall not exceed the salary of a good workingman.'

This is but the general, the universal programme, the canvas on which each country, each State, according to its existing constitution, will draw in the lines necessary to the application of the social programme in its entirety.

It is here that Lenine begins to go astray; we are led to doubt his intelligence. Russia, mediæval and feudal, half Byzantine, half Asiatic, but represented in the ranks of the social democracy by the most irreconcilable of extremists, now pretends to catch up with the world by the elaboration of a programme, of maximum claims which will leave far behind, in the audacity of its conceptions, those programmes developed by the most cultivated nations. Of such a nature is the table of commandments which stands to-day in Moscow, base of the actual Russian confusion. If that body of law has served as a base for the reputation of Lenine, let us hasten to say that never was a reputation more unstable, more usurped. One asks one's self how a

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man of talent could so mistake the distance that lay between the *ci-devant* Russia and the ideal of his dreams. Lenine has shown a kind of lack of appreciation of realities, a certain aberration of common sense which would shame the last of the titular counselors of the ex-empire of the Tsars! He is muddling along in a Utopia; only Lenine could have the courage to find, all at once and with one stroke of the pen, a definite solution of the troubles of Russia and of all the world, a remedy for those most complex social and economic disorders which for three hundred years have troubled a nation of a hundred and twenty-four million souls. His brain must be closed to the knowledge of evolution to give birth to such an absurd notion of the State; and take note, that he appears to be the last to doubt of the success and the realization of his dream. 'We are invincible even as the world-wide proletarian revolution itself is invincible!'* Nevertheless, his failure is to-day seen everywhere. Like all tyrants, Lenine is deceived by his acolytes; his empire exists no longer; prince of a band of light-fingered illuminati, he is hardly the chief of several oases bound together by telegraph wires and specks of mud and blood!

Here are some extracts from the programme of the Bolsheviki, or, more properly the *Social-Democrat Worker's Party of Russia.* I cannot, unhappily, give them *in extenso;* such a proceeding would require too much space. I shall hold to the important matters.

The Constitution of the democratic Republic of Russia should guarantee among other things:

1. The autocracy of the people.
2. The general electoral right, equal and direct for all men and women citizens who have reached the age of eighteen years. The ballot to be secret.
3. Proportional representation at all elections.
4. Both delegates and elected candidates of office to be liable to instant removal at the demand of a majority of their electors.
5. Local self-governments to be instituted, self-government for all regions presenting special conditions of life or whose population is of a special nature.
6. Suppression of all local or regional authorities named by the State.
7. Unlimited liberty (*sic.*) of conscience, speech, the press, etc.
8. Acknowledgment of all local languages, suppression of any obligatory national language.
9. Acknowledgment of the right of all the nations which form the Russian Empire to separate themselves and form their own States. The Russian Peoples Republic should draw to itself other peoples and nationalities not by violence but by the spontaneous expression of a common will towards the creation of a common State.
10. Separation of the Church from the State and of the School from the Church, complete laicization of the school system.
11. As a fundamental necessity to the democratization of the national budget, the party demands the suppression of all indirect taxes and the introduction of a progressive tax on all incomes and inheritances; moreover, the development of capitalism and the disorder created by the imperialist war leads the party to demand the nationalization of banks, capitalist syndicates, etc.

In the hope of suppressing the 'slavery' which still weighs upon the peasant, and of developing freely the class war in rural districts (*sic.*) the party desires

1. The immediate confiscation of lands belonging to the upper landholding class — thus the lands of the Crown, the Church, etc.
2. The immediate transmission of all lands to the hands of Peasants' Councils.
3. The further nationalization of all lands in the State: this nationalization to mean the transmission of the property right of these lands to the State which shall have the authority to divide these lands among democratic elements.
4. That the initiative of the peasants who have in certain localities gathered to-

* *Letters to American Workingmen.*

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gether the instruments of production — ploughs, agricultural machines, etc. — and have handed them over to a central committee, should be sustained.

5. That the proletarians and demi-proletarians of the rural regions should be encouraged to demand the transformation of the farms of the gentlemen landholders into model farms run for the public by councils of rural workmen.

Such is the famous programme. It is not necessary to study it long in order to discover its omissions. But let us first put them aside and try rather to arrive at a well-knit idea of the *ensemble* of the Bolshevist programme. Once you have grasped it, you will be struck by its purely Utopian character; note how it reeks of hatred; it is the hatred of Lenine which is at work, not that of the Russian masses whom he has massacred by the thousand just to harden his Red Guards; the programme scarcely hides that spirit of vengeance bred from a sickly sentimentalism and devout commiseration for the martyrdom of a people, a martyrdom far more illusory than real, yet savagely held to by generations of dreamers who invented the 'religion of suffering.'

Let us now try to get at the heart of the system.

It reveals a new conception of the State which one may call the Bolshevik idea, a narrow, unilateral, inhuman system which may be thus expressed. 'If the State has been the means by which the bourgeoisie oppresses the proletariat, the proletariat, arrived at political power, will use the State to oppress the bourgeoisie.'

Intransigent and intolerant in its false simplicity, this conception of the State admits no mediating idea, no notion of equilibrium or compromise. Speak not of democracy or even of classic Socialism — these ideas, no matter how wide or how generous they may be, will mean to Lenine and his friends only enslavement by the bourgeoisie. No; for the bourgeois State, source of all evil, shall be substituted the proletariat State, the source of all that is beautiful and good, and that State shall be given maximum powers.

There is in this notion a filtered cynicism which I do not relish.

I know that Lenine adds that the Socialist State shall have such a rôle only during the period of transition, that is, during the dictatorship of the proletariat, and that the State will once more become the regulator of the political and economic life of the country once the difference between classes no longer exists. And this, to my mind, is only another proof of the legislator's *naïveté;* he believes in the possibility of dissolving such a difference. Must we tell him that the bourgeoisie, though financially ruined, will not abdicate its moral and intellectual superiority? I offer as testimony many examples observed in Soviet Russia in which the middle classes, turned into bootblacks, errand runners, porters, and trench diggers, have from the very first overwhelmed their professional rivals, while the proletarians, transmogrified into public officials and factory managers, have pitiably failed, betrayed by their incapacity and the accusation of their conscience.

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MY IDEA OF BOLSHEVISM

BY ROSA LUXEMBURG

THE revolution of the proletariat now occurring can have no other purpose and no other result than to bring about Socialism. To this end the working class must concentrate all political authority in its own hands. Political authority is only a means to an end with us Socialists. The end for which we must employ that authority is the radical overturn of our whole economic system.

To-day all the wealth of the country, the largest and the best tracts of land, the mines and the shops and the factories belong to a few junkers and private capitalists. The great mass of workingmen receive from these junkers and capitalists a bare subsistence in return for their laborious toil. The purpose of the present economic organization is to enrich a small number of idlers.

This condition must be abolished. All the wealth of society, the land and the soil with all the treasures which they contain in their bosom or on their surface, all the factories and shops, must be taken out of the hands of exploiters and made the common property of the nation. The primary duty of a real labor government is to make the principal agencies of production national property by a series of decrees, and to place these agencies directly under public control. This is the first real step and the most difficult step in reconstructing our system of production upon a new basis.

To-day the production in each individual establishment is controlled by individual capitalists at their own discretion. These owners determine what shall be produced, how it shall be produced, and where, when, and how the goods manufactured shall be sold. The workers have nothing to say in these matters. They are only living machines for performing special processes.

Under a Socialist organization of society all this must be changed. The private owner vanishes. The primary purpose of production is no longer to enrich individuals but to provide for the community the means of satisfying its wants. For this purpose factories, shops, and farms must be reorganized in accord with this new point of view.

First, if the real purpose of production is to provide a respectable standare of life for everyone, with adequate food, clothing, and an opportunity to satisfy higher cravings, then in that case the productivity of labor must be much greater than it is to-day. The fields must produce larger crops, the factories must adopt the most efficient processes and machinery; our coal and ore mines must be developed to attain the greatest possible results. It follows that socialization must extend first of all to our greatest industrial and agricultural enterprises. We do not need and do not desire to take away the property of the small farmer and the small mechanic, who employ their independent labor upon a piece of ground or in a workshop. As time goes on they will voluntarily join us when they perceive the advantage that Socialism presents over private ownership.

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In the second place, if all the members of society are to enjoy a comfortable standard of living, everyone must work. Only those who do useful work for the community as a whole, whether it be manual labor or skilled labor or intellectual labor, have a right to demand that they shall receive in return the means of satisfying their reasonable desires. An idle life, such as the rich exploiters enjoy at present, will no longer be permitted. Labor will be compulsory for all who are capable of working, but naturally will not be required of young children or old people or invalids. The community is obligated to care for those who cannot work, but that care should not be miserable charity, such as at present, but an adequate provision. It should mean the education of the children at community expense, a comfortable home for the aged and the best hospital and medical treatment for the sick.

In the third place, the same consideration — I mean the welfare of the community at large — necessitates the most efficient possible employment of the means of production and of labor and the utmost economy in their use. The extravagant employment of both that now prevails must cease. Naturally, all production for purposes of war would stop, for a Socialist society does not require tools to kill people. Instead, the expensive materials and the expensive labor now used to make guns and munitions and naval vessels and to supply them with food and medicines would be diverted to useful channels. In the same way industries purveying to luxury would disappear, as well as manufactures which consult the fickle fancy and extravagant tastes of the rich. Personal service would become largely a thing of the past. All labor devoted to these fields of effort would find a more useful and appropriate application.

When we have created a nation of working people, where each labors for the welfare of all and produces only for the common profit, the work itself will change in spirit and character. To-day labor in the field and the factory, in the shop and the office, is for the most part burdensome and uninteresting for the proletarian. People go to work because they must, because otherwise they will not have anything to eat. In a Socialist society, where all work for the common welfare of all, it is natural that the conditions of labor will be such as to shield health and to inspire a desire to work in the highest possible degree. The working hours will be short enough not to overtax the worker beyond his maximum efficiency. The place where work is done will be attractive and wholesome. Every possible measure will be taken to change tasks and to afford periods of recuperation; and thus each one will be inspired to do his share with pleasure and elation.

However, such great reforms demand leaders of first ability. To-day the capitalist with his knout stands behind the workingman either in person or represented by his foreman or superintendent. Hunger drives the proletarian to the factory or to the great estate or to the office or shop. The proprietor sees to it that his employees do not waste their time; that materials are not misused; that good and honest work is performed.

In society organized upon a Socialist basis the proprietor with his knout disappears; the workers are free and equal men, working for their own welfare and profit. This means that they must voluntarily work industriously and avoid wasting the materials which are common property, and perform their tasks in an efficient manner. Every Socialist enterprise must naturally have its technical leaders, who understand the work that is to be done and

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who give necessary advice and directions, so that the machine will run smoothly, the work be properly allotted, and the highest output attained. This implies that the workers must willingly and obediently and scrupulously follow the directions given them. They must maintain discipline and good order. They must not permit friction and confusion.

In a word, the laborer in a Socialist State must prove that he can work industriously and regularly without the incentive of hunger and without the capitalist or his overseer standing by him. He must himself maintain discipline and perform his best service. All this requires self-control, intellectual maturity, moral seriousness. It demands a feeling of self-respect and responsibility. It implies a complete internal regeneration of the proletariat.

Socialism will never succeed in a nation of lazy, light-minded, egoistic, thoughtless, and indifferent people. A Socialist community must have members who perform their duty with enthusiasm and devotion for the common welfare. Members filled with the joy of service and love of their fellow men; members possessed of courage and persistence and readiness to undertake the most difficult problems.

But we do not need to waste several centuries or decades until a new race of men has been born. The proletariat is acquiring the necessary idealism and mental maturity by the very struggles of the revolution. Courage and persistence, clearness of thought and self-sacrifice are qualities cultivated by the revolution itself. When we make good revolutionists, we make the Socialist workers of the future, upon whom must rest the foundations of a new order.

Our youthful workers are called first and foremost to this great task. Their generation will certainly lay the real foundations of a Socialist State. It is their duty to show that they are fitted to assume the great responsibility of pioneers of the future of humanity. The whole old world must be overthrown and an entirely new world must be constructed, but we are doing it as the song says:

'The only thing we need, my wife, my child, to be as free as the birds themselves, is time.'

Bremer Bürger Zeitung

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THE CAREER OF FRITZ EBERT

BY JOHN STAPLETON

DURING the past few weeks Fritz Ebert — familiarly called 'Fritzè' by his friends and comrades in the German Social Democratic movement — has won a double triumph. The first success, his elevation to the principal place in the German Government, was not due to any pushing or showy qualities in his nature. Though of humble origin — he was the son of a working-class tailor of Heidelberg and himself a saddler — he has very little of the climber about him, and the final success of his career has been attained by hard work and careful and patient use of considerable administrative abilities. The second triumph, the consolidation of his own position and that of his Majority Party, was, we may be quite certain, still less sought out, involving as it did, before the elections, the armed repression of the Spartacists, many of them former comrades in the once united German Social Democratic Party. Ebert's extreme personal reluctance to use what was, after all, the only effective means of suppressing Bolshevism in Berlin — namely, troops under the control of the Government — was overcome almost too late. But it was overcome, and it is not difficult to analyze the reasons which finally prevailed. In the first place, there was the patriotic instinct — we must always bear in mind that Ebert, like David and Scheidemann and other Majority Social Democrats, but unlike Liebknecht, was always a loyal German, even to the point of accepting an invitation to confer with the Kaiser, which he did in July, 1917, to the great disgust of many of his comrades. The second motive was, we may guess, his extremely well-developed sense of party loyalty and discipline. This is a thing which, in Social Democrats, above all, we find a little difficult to understand. In this country, divisions, religious and political, take place so easily, especially in labor circles, and often for such small causes, that we find it hard to understand the type of mind which insists on loyalty as a principle and puts membership of a political party and consequent self-subordination to the party leaders on the same plane as service in an army and obedience to one's officers. Ebert is such a type. For him conscientious objection is anathema, and unquestioning submission, even against one's feelings, to the party one has joined is a Socialist's highest duty — a very characteristically German attitude, perhaps, but one to be reckoned with in judging the action of the German Social Democratic Party in the past and during the war, and in speculating concerning its future.

At the time of the murder at Sarajevo, Fritz Ebert was Joint-President of the German Social Democratic Party, his colleague of that date, as again after the revolution of November, 1918, being Hugo Haase, who was also president of the party in the Reichstag. No one who was in Germany during the closing days of July will forget the intensity of the opposition on the part of the German Social Democrats to the German Government's giving any support to Austria.

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The papers of the party, led by *Vorwärts*, were very frank in expressing the opinion that the ultimatum to Serbia was a mad act, likely to plunge Europe into a horrible war. An article to this effect appeared in the leading party paper on July 26. At the same time the local Socialist organizations were preparing, and in some cases holding, despite patriotic opposition, protest meetings against the war which they felt was inevitable unless their Government adopted a reasonable attitude and forced it upon its Ally. The German Government saw the necessity of persuading the Social Democrats to take up a different line, and on July 26 the Chancellor sent for the two presidents. Ebert, however, was away from Berlin; so was Scheidemann, who otherwise would have gone. Haase, therefore, went, taking with him Adolf Braun, treasurer of the party. Haase left the interview unconvinced that the war which was coming was being forced on Germany; this opinion he stated at the futile International Socialist Conference at Brussels on July 29, 1914.

Then the war came. The Russian menace became a reality which the Government newspapers and other publicity resources under official control did not fail to advertise, and the German Social Democrats voted the war-credits — Haase, Liebknecht, and a few others with misgiving; Ebert, Scheidemann, and the remainder of that group because of their conviction of the rightness of Germany's cause, or because, an even stronger motive perhaps, particularly in Ebert's case, to have done otherwise would in their opinion have been to ruin the prospects of the party irretrievably.

This extreme party loyalty is a very important factor in Ebert's career. It has influenced his actions again and again. By May, 1915, the latent hostility of Haase to the Government and to his party's pro-Government policy had become open and avowed. Ebert took over the party leadership in the Reichstag, signalizing this step by a declaration, in which he was supported by Scheidemann, that the German Social Democrats would stand by their country in its war of self-defense, but did not want annexations.

From this date the party discipline, for which Ebert always stood so solidly, began to break down. He at once took firm action against the rebels, and in December proposed that they should be excluded from the privileges of membership. The resolution was altered to one merely of censure, and the revolt continued and gathered strength. In January, 1916, Haase resigned the presidency he had not effectively held for several months. Ebert remained, holding the fort of the Majority. It was by no means an easy task. Not only was German Social Democracy torn by internal dissensions, but it was fast losing ground in the country. In his report at the Party Conference of September, 1916, he had to admit that the total loss in membership since March, 1914, had amounted to 63 per cent; a few months later the figure was to rise to 80 per cent. There was an intense earnestness about the appeal for unity which followed this disquieting statement. And Ebert went further than appeals. In the months that followed, this quiet, plodding, efficient organizer, leaving the oratory and the 'high politics' to Scheidemann, worked steadily at his task of establishing the Majority. Under his direction *Vorwärts*, the *Bremer Bürger Zeitung* to which Rosa Luxemburg was a frequent contributor, and the women's paper, *Gleichheit*, which had all come under Minority control, were wrested from the Independents.

At the beginning of June, 1917,

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Ebert, with Scheidemann and other Majority delegates, went to Stockholm. Here, although he took part in the discussions — on one occasion, with his accustomed pride in his party, he asserted that the Conference was not a court before which German Social Democracy was to be judged — most of the public work was done by Scheidemann. Ebert was always the worker behind the scenes, far more interested in the welfare of his party and the acceptance of its economic principles than in questions of foreign politics, a Parliamentarian to the finger-tips. It may be noted that it was this fact, and not any marked disagreement with Germany's foreign policy, which finally determined his opposition to the Government. At the great Party Congress at Würzburg in October, 1917, the insufficiency of the Chancellor's proposals for Parliamentary reform occupied the most prominent place in Ebert's presidential address. The attitude of German Social Democracy towards German foreign policy in relation to the war was left to other speakers.

Such being Ebert's constant interest, it is small wonder that when at last the revolution came he should have exerted all his influence — and, though not apparent, it must have been considerable — to direct it into constitutional channels. The enthusiasm with which this thickset little man, with his neat black beard, was greeted at the Imperial Conference of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of December, 1918, when he stood up to make his speech — in a strong Baden accent — on the necessity for a National Assembly based on the will of the whole people, and the intolerance he would show towards any rule of force — this enthusiasm and these declarations must have sounded as a challenge to the followers of Liebknecht. It was taken up. Outside the building the Spartacists had gathered, some thousands strong. They heard the applause with which Ebert's speech was greeted, and a deputation waited on the conference, and demanded the abolition of the Ebert Government, the disarming of the bourgeoisie, the arming of the proletariat, and, finally, the admission of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to the meeting. All the demands were refused. So long as words and policy could prevail, Ebert, supported by the Majority Group he had done so much to keep in being, could be firm enough. What he could not bring himself to see was that only force on his side could crush the force of the Bolsheviki, which, if left to increase unchecked, would not only mean the ruin and dissolution of Germany, but the final collapse of German Social Democracy as a democratic influence. The recognition of this, however, had to come, and the mass-revolution, after a severe struggle, was brought into subjection.

Of Ebert's future it is fairly simple to forecast the main lines. With Parliamentary Government prevailing he has the satisfaction of seeing a Social Democratic Majority Party of record size. Whatever his official position may be, it is clear, if we may deduce anything from all his previous career, that foreign relations, diplomacy, and national expansion, will not receive his chief attention. His principal care will be the rebuilding of Germany on as advanced democratic and moderate Socialist lines as the preponderance of the non-Socialistic parties will allow, the safeguarding of the position of his party, and its restoration to order, unity, and prosperity, after the disasters of the past four years.

Everyman

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THE MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM OF AMERICANS

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA, PH.D., LITT.D.

THE language and traditions common to England and America are like other family bonds; they draw kindred together at the greater crises of life, but they also occasion at times a little friction and fault-finding. The groundwork of the two Societies is so similar, that each nation, feeling almost at home with the other, may instinctively resent what hinders it from feeling at home altogether. Differences will tend to seem anomalies that have slipped in by mistake and through somebody's fault. Each will judge the other by his own standards, not feeling, as in the presence of complete foreigners, that he must make an effort of imagination and put himself in another man's shoes.

In matters of morals, manners, and art the danger of comparisons is not merely that they may prove invidious by ranging qualities in an order of merit which might wound somebody's vanity; the danger is rather that comparisons may distort comprehension, because good qualities all differ in kind, and free lives differ in spirit. Comparison is the expedient of those who cannot reach the heart of the things compared; and no philosophy is more external and egotistical than that which places the essence of a thing in its relation to something else. In truth, at the centre of every natural being there is something individual and incommensurable, a seed with its native impulses and aspirations, shaping themselves as best they can in their given environment. Variation is a consequence of freedom, and the slight but radical diversity of souls is what makes freedom precious.

Instead of instituting, then, any express comparisons, I would invite you, in so far as such a thing is possible for you or for me, to transport yourselves with me into the inner life of the American, to feel and enact his character dramatically, and to see how it dictates to him his judgment on himself and on all things, as they appear from his new and unobstructed station.

I speak of the American in the singular, as if there were not millions of them, north and south, east and west, of both sexes, of all ages, and of various races, professions, and religions. Of course, the one American I speak of is mythical; but to speak in parables is inevitable in such a subject, and it is perhaps as well to do so frankly. There is a sort of poetic ineptitude in all human discourse when it tries to deal with natural and existing things. Practical men may not notice it, but in fact human discourse is intrinsically addressed not to natural existing things but to ideal essences, poetic or logical terms which thought may define and play with. When fortune or necessity diverts our attention from this congenial ideal sport to crude facts and pressing issues, we turn our frail poetic ideas into symbols for those terrible irruptive things. In that paper money of our own stamping, the legal tender of the mind, we are obliged to reckon all the movements and values of the world.

The universal American I speak of is one of these symbols; and I should be

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still speaking in symbols and creating moral units and a false simplicity, if I spoke of classes pedantically subdivided, or individuals ideally integrated and defined. As it happens, the symbolic American can be made largely adequate to the facts; because, if there are immense differences between individual Americans — for some Americans are black — yet there is a great uniformity in their environment, customs, temper, and thoughts. They have all been uprooted from their several soils and ancestries and plunged together into one vortex, whirling irresistibly in a space otherwise quite empty. To be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, an education, and a career. Hence a single ideal figment can cover a large part of what each American is in his character, and almost the whole of what most Americans are in their social outlook and political judgments.

The discovery of the new world exercised a sort of selection among the inhabitants of Europe. All the colonists, except the negroes, were voluntary exiles. The fortunate, the deeply-rooted, and the lazy remained at home; the wilder instincts or dissatisfaction of others tempted them beyond the horizon. The American is accordingly the most adventurous, or the descendant of the most adventurous of Europeans. It is in his blood to be socially a radical, though perhaps not intellectually. What has existed in the past, especially in the remote past, seems to him not only not authoritative, but irrelevant, inferior, and outworn. He finds it rather a sorry waste of time to think about the past at all. But his enthusiasm for the future is profound; he can conceive of no more decisive way of recommending an opinion or a practice than to say that it is what everybody is coming to adopt. This expectation of what he approves or approval of what he expects makes up his optimism. It is the necessary faith of the pioneer.

Such a temperament is of course not maintained in the nation merely by inheritance. Inheritance notoriously tends to restore the average of a race and plays incidentally many a trick of atavism. What maintains the temperament and makes it national is social contagion or pressure — something immensely strong in democracies. The luckless American who happens to be born a conservative, or who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless, has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform, and prosperity dinned into his ears; every door is open in this direction and shut in the other; so that he either folds up his heart and withers in a corner — in remote places you sometimes find such a solitary gaunt idealist — or else he flies to Oxford or Florence or Montmartre to save his soul — or perhaps not to save it.

The optimism of the pioneer is not limited to his view of himself and his own future; it starts from that; but feeling assured, safe, and cheery within, he looks with smiling and most kindly eyes on everything and everybody about him. Individualism, roughness, and self-trust are supposed to go with selfishness and a cold heart, but I suspect that is a prejudice. It is rather dependence, insecurity, and mutual jostling, that poison our placid gregarious brotherhood; and fanciful passionate demands upon people's affections, when they are disappointed, as they soon must be, breed ill-will and a final meanness. The milk of human kindness is less apt to turn sour if the vessel that holds it stands steady, cool, and separate, and is not too often uncorked. In his affections the American is seldom passionate, often deep, and always kindly. If it were given me to

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look into the depths of a man's heart, and I did not find goodwill at the bottom, I should say without any hesitation: you are not an American. But as the American is an individualist his goodwill is not officious. His instinct is to think well of everybody, and to wish everybody well, but in a spirit of rough comradeship, expecting every man to stand on his own legs and to be helpful in his turn. When he has given his neighbor a chance he thinks he has done enough for him; but he feels it is an absolute duty to do that. It will take some hammering to drive a coddling Socialism into America.

As self-trust may pass into self-sufficiency, so optimism, kindness, and goodwill may grow into a general habit of doting on everything. To the good American many subjects are sacred; sex is sacred, women are sacred, children are sacred, business is sacred, America is sacred, Masonic lodges and college clubs are sacred. This feeling grows out of the good opinion he wishes to have of these things, and serves to maintain it. If he did not regard all these things as sacred he might come to doubt sometimes if they were wholly good. Of this kind too is the idealism of single ladies in reduced circumstances who can see the soul of beauty in ugly things, and are perfectly happy because their old dog has such pathetic eyes, their minister is so eloquent, their garden with its three sunflowers is so pleasant, their dead friends were so devoted, and their distant relations are so rich.

Consider now the great emptiness of America, not merely the primitive physical emptiness, surviving in some regions, and the continental spacing of the chief natural features, but also the moral emptiness of a settlement where men and even houses are easily moved about and no one, almost, lives where he was born or believes what he has been taught. Not that the American has jettisoned these impedimenta in anger; they have simply slipped from him as he moves. Great empty spaces bring a sort of freedom to both soul and body. You may pitch your tent where you will; or if ever you decide to build anything, it can be in a style of your own devising. You have room, fresh materials, few models, and no critics. You trust your own experience, not only because you must, but because you find you may do so safely and prosperously; the forces that determine fortune are not yet too complicated for one man to explore. Your detachable condition makes you lavish with money and cheerfully experimental; you lose little if you lose all, since you remain completely yourself. At the same time your absolute initiative gives you practice in coping with novel situations, and in being original; it teaches you shrewd management. Your life and mind will become dry and direct, with few decorative flourishes. In your works everything will be stark and pragmatic; you will not understand why anybody should make those little sacrifices to instinct or custom which we call grace. The fine arts will seem to you academic luxuries, fit to amuse the ladies, like Greek and Sanskrit; for while you will perfectly appreciate generosity in men's purposes, you will not admit that the execution of these purposes can be anything but business. Unfortunately, the essence of the fine arts is that the execution should be generous, too, and delightful in itself; therefore, the fine arts will suffer, not so much in their express professional pursuit — for then they become practical tasks and a kind of business — as in that diffused charm which qualifies all human action when men are artists by nature. Elaboration, which is something to accomplish, will be preferred to simplicity, which is something to rest in; manners will suffer

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somewhat; speech will suffer horribly. For the American the urgency of his novel attack upon matter, his zeal in gathering its fruits, precludes meanderings in primrose paths; means must be economical, and symbols must be mere symbols. If his wife wants luxuries, of course, she may have them, and if he has vices, that can be provided for him too; but they must all be set down under those headings in his books.

At the same time the American is imaginative; for where life is intense, imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative he would not live so much in the future. But his imagination is practical and the future it forecasts is immediate; it works with the clearest and least ambiguous terms known to his experience, in terms of number, measure, contrivance, economy, and speed. He is an idealist working on matter. Understanding as he does the material potentialities of things, he is successful in invention, conservative in reform, and quick in emergencies. All his life he jumps into the train after it has started and jumps out before it has stopped, and he never once gets left behind or breaks a leg. There is an enthusiasm in his sympathetic handling of material forces which goes far to cancel the illiberal character which it might otherwise assume. The good workman hardly distinguishes his artistic intention from the potency in himself and in things which are about to realize that intention. Accordingly his ideals fall into the form of premonition and prophecies; and his studious prophecies often come true. So do the happy workmanlike ideals of the American. When a poor boy, perhaps he dreams of an education, and presently he gets an education, or at least a degree; he dreams of growing rich, and he grows rich — only more slowly and modestly, perhaps, than he expected; he dreams of marrying his Rebecca, and even if he marries a Leah instead, he ultimately finds in Leah his Rebecca after all. He dreams of helping to carry on and to accelerate the movement of a vast, seething, progressive society, and he actually does so. Ideals clinging so close to nature are almost sure of fulfillment. The American beams with a certain self-confidence and sense of mastery; he feels that God and nature are working with him.

In America there is a tacit optimistic assumption about existence, to the effect that the more existence the better. The soulless critic might urge that quantity is but a physical category, implying no excellence, but at best an abundance of opportunities both for good and for evil. But the young soul, being curious and hungry, views existence *a priori* under the form of the good: its instinct to live implies a faith that most things it can become or see or do will be worth while. Respect for quantity is, accordingly, something more than the childish joy and wonder at bigness; it is the fisherman's joy in a big haul, the good uses of which he can take for granted. Such optimism is amiable. Nature cannot afford that we should begin by being too calculating or wise, and she encourages us by the pleasure she attaches to our functions in advance of their fruits, and often in excess of them; as the angler enjoys catching his fish more than eating it, and often waiting patiently for the fish to bite misses his own supper. The pioneer must devote himself to preparations; he must work for the future, and it is healthy and dutiful of him to love his work for its own sake. At the same time unless reference to an ultimate purpose is at least virtual in all his activities, he runs the danger of becoming a living automaton, vain and ignominious in its mechanical constancy. Idealism about work can hide

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an intense materialism about life. Man, if he is a rational being, cannot live by bread alone nor be a laborer merely; he must eat and work in view of an ideal harmony which overarches all his days, and which is realized in the way they hang together or in some ideal issue which they have in common. Otherwise, though his technical philosophy may call itself idealism, he is a materialist in morals; he esteems things, and esteems himself, for mechanical uses and energies. Even sensualists, artists, and pleasure lovers are wiser than that, for though their idealism may be desultory or corrupt, they attain something ideal, and prize things only for their living effects, moral though perhaps fugitive. Sensation, as I have already suggested, when we do not take it as a signal for action, but arrest and peruse what it positively brings before us, reveals something ideal — a color, shape, or sound; and to dwell on these presences, with no thought of their material significance, is an æsthetic or dreamful idealism. To pass from this idealism to the knowledge of matter is a great intellectual advance, and goes with dominion over the world; for in the practical arts the mind is adjusted to a larger object, with more depth and potentiality in it; which is what makes people feel that the material world is real, as they call it, and that the ideal world is not. Certainly the material world is real; for the philosophers who deny the existence of matter are like the critics who deny the existence of Homer: if there was never any Homer there must have been a lot of other poets no less Homeric than he; and if matter does not exist, a combination of other things exists which is just as material. But the intense reality of the material world would not prevent it from being a dreary waste in our eyes, or even an abyss of horror, if it brought forth no spiritual fruits. In fact it does bring forth spiritual fruits, for otherwise we should not be here to find fault with it, and to set up our ideals over against it. Nature is material, but not materialistic; it issues in life, and breeds all sorts of warm passions and idle beauties. And just as sympathy with the mechanical travail and turmoil of nature, apart from its spiritual fruits, is moral materialism, so the continual perception and love of these fruits is moral idealism — happiness in the presence of immaterial objects and harmonies, such as we envisage in affection, speculation, religion, and all the forms of the beautiful.

The circumstances of his life hitherto have necessarily driven the American into moral materialism: for in his dealings with material things he can hardly stop to enjoy their sensible aspects, which are ideal, nor proceed at once to their ultimate uses, which are ideal too. He is practical as against the poet, and worldly as against the clear philosopher or the saint. The most striking expression of this materialism is usually supposed to be his love of the almighty dollar; but that is a foreign and unintelligent view. The American talks about money, because that is the symbol and measure he has at hand for success, intelligence, and power; but as to money itself he makes, loses, spends, and gives it away with a very light heart. To my mind the most striking expression of his materialism is his singular preoccupation with quantity. If, for instance, you visit Niagara Falls, you may expect to hear how many cubic feet or metric tons of water are precipitated per second over the cataract; how many cities and towns (with the number of their inhabitants) derive light and motive power from it; and the annual value of the further industries that might very well be carried on by

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the same means, without visibly depleting the world's greatest wonder or injuring the tourist trade. That is what I confidently expected to hear on arriving at the adjoining town of Buffalo: but I was deceived. The first thing I heard instead was that there are more miles of asphalt pavement in Buffalo than in any city in the world.

Nor is this insistence on quantity confined to men of business. The President of Harvard College, seeing me once by chance soon after the beginning of a term, inquired how my classes were getting on; and when I replied that I thought they were getting on well, that my men seemed to be keen and intelligent, he stopped me as if I was about to waste his time; 'I meant,' said he, 'I meant *what is the number* of students in your classes.'

Here I think we may perceive that this love of quantity often has a silent partner, which is diffidence as to quality. The democratic conscience recoils before anything that savors of privilege; and lest it should concede an unmerited privilege to any pursuit or person, it reduces all things as far as possible to the common denominator of quantity. Numbers cannot lie; but if it came to comparing the ideal beauties of philosophy with those of Anglo Saxon, who should decide? All studies are good — why else have universities? — but those must be most encouraged which attract the greatest number of students. Hence the President's question. Democratic faith, in its diffidence about quality, throws the reins of education upon the pupil's neck, as Don Quixote threw the reins on the neck of Rocinante, and bids his divine instinct choose its own way.

The American has never yet had to face the trials of Job. Great crises, like the Civil War, he has known how to surmount victoriously; and when he has surmounted the present crisis victoriously also, it is possible that he may relapse, as he did in the other case, into an apparently complete absorption in material enterprise and prosperity. But if serious and irremediable tribulation ever overtook him, what would his attitude be? It is then that we should be able to discover whether materialism or idealism lies at the base of his character. Meantime his working mind is not without its holiday. He spreads humor pretty thick and even over the surface of conversation, and humor is one form of moral emancipation. He loves landscape, he loves mankind, and he loves knowledge; and in music at least he finds an art which he unfeignedly enjoys. In music and landscape, in humor and kindness, he touches the ideal more truly, perhaps, than in his ponderous academic idealisms, and busy religions — for it is astonishing how much even religion in America (can it possibly be so in England?) is a matter of meetings, building funds, schools, charities, clubs, and picnics. To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less, in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful, and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions — that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society. What does it profit a man to free the whole world, if his soul is not free? Moral freedom is not an artificial condition, because the ideal is the mother-tongue of both the heart and the senses. All that is requisite is that we should pause in living to enjoy life, and should lift up our hearts to things that are pure goods in themselves, so that once to have found and loved them, whatever else may betide, may be a happiness that nothing can sully. This natural idealism does not imply

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that we are immaterial, but only that we are animate and truly alive. When the senses are sharp and joyous, as in the American, they are already half liberated; and when the heart is warm, like his, and eager to be just, its ideal destiny is hardly doubtful. Time and its own pulses will give it wings.

The Landmark

THE LAST OF HER LOVERS

BY WINIFRED PECK

I

THERE was once upon a time a King who was born in a stable. Hooded and masked, among the shepherds and wise men and angels, Romance stood rather reluctantly by. Hitherto her place had been in pillared courts and among the rose leaves of imperial banquets, but from thenceforth she discovered that, hand in hand with Love and Pity, she must also walk the ordinary paths and ways of ordinary men. She has taken so few centuries to learn her lesson that now she can even lay her sword on the dull and commonplace, and make it divine. This is the story of how she did so for Charles Hayter.

To see Charles Hayter on the evening of the 24th of April, on his holiday at the Bridge of Allan, was to see the apotheosis of the commonplace. The town is a sheltered, wooded, little place, beloved of suburban Glasgow and Edinburgh. A slow horse tram to Stirling surveys the main street with its villa gardens, and on that evening its passengers could see, beneath the largest monkey-puzzler tree of the largest boarding house, a quite ordinary young man sitting in the sunset with a still more ordinary young woman. Owing to a rise in his salary at Messrs. Victors, electrical engineers, Falkirk, Charles was spending his spring holiday here. Thanks to the gods of Spring Evenings, Propinquity, and Idleness, he had just become engaged to Miss Florrie Cowie, the plump, golden-haired forewoman of a milliner in Edinburgh. As to how far Charles, and how far Florrie, was chiefly responsible for the engagement, the opinion of the boarding house was divided.

'It may be six of one and half a dozen of the other,' said Miss Shaft, the acute old maid, who was resting here from her toils in a high school; 'but, if so, it 's a baker's half-dozen of that Cowie girl.'

'It *is* a pity I've got to go to-morrow,' Florrie was saying for the twentieth time, as they sat together in the warm spring twilight. 'But still work 's work, and a holiday 's a holiday, and I dare say you'll console yourself. I know what young men are!'

'I'd like you never to have to work again,' said Charles. It was, indeed, chiefly because she looked pale and tired that he had first noticed Florrie at all. 'Won't you come for a little walk now, as it 's your last evening?'

'Nine o'clock!' said Florrie primly. 'What would the others say? And why

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do you want a walk so late at all? You're so dreadfully energetic.'

'I want to go up to the Fairy Knowe,' said Charles. 'Do you remember that funny little hill up above the golf course? Miss Shaft told me that all sorts of queer stories are told about it, and that there were supposed to be enchantments there on St. Mark's Eve, and that's to-night. I understand they found all kinds of prehistoric remains when they dug up round it fifty years ago. "The witches and fairies and warlocks all come back," she said to me, "and the gods before the gods were worshiped there."'

'She's a queer little party,' said Florrie. 'None of your enchantments for me, thank you. Let's go in and have a last hand at whist with the Thompsons.'

If Charles had been more given to self-analysis, he might have discovered that he was rather relieved when he found himself alone in his bedroom on the ground floor, two hours later. He was yawning as he opened his window, when the memory of the fairy hill came to him.

'I'll go up now,' he decided suddenly, with a light in his eyes. The commonplace garden and street had gone to sleep now, and the dark shrubs and waving trees had a new expression. Night hid the commonplace, and so Charles slipped through the window, out of the world he knew into a world of dreams.

Yet it was in no mood of high romance that he began his pilgrimage. In the woods the crackle and rustle of little things, of dried sticks, winter leaves, and half-disturbed birds, the occasional hooting of owls, all fitted in with his emotions of anxious content and pleased resignation over the step he had just taken. A man ought to marry, he reflected; Florrie would be enough to make any man happy; it was quite time he settled down. He looked at the neat nests in the budding trees, the twinkling lights of little houses in the valley below, and felt himself, vaguely and pleasantly, part of a scheme in which inconspicuous, and not unhappy, family lives were carried on from one uncomplaining generation to another. He had that innate respect for women which good mothers can sometimes instill, no lamps of fair women had hitherto illumined his life, and now he could contemplate the very demure candle Florrie had lighted, with no perception of her deep-laid schemes, and little anxiety for the future. Had the gods and Miss Shaft left him alone, the peace of the valleys might have been his for life.

But as he mounted upwards his mood began to change. Glimpses of the moon through the budding trees assailed him. He was impatient to outtop the swaying spear boughs of the birches, the feathery larches, the soft thick cups of the chestnuts and the tasseled elms, to see her alone in her beauty. As soon as he could, he broke through the tangle of brambles, and hedges, thickening with darkened green, into open ground. Then up to the black summits of the little hills he hurried impetuously, keeping his gaze at her for the last. He stumbled through rough grass and twining ivy, he tore his hand on a wire railing, and at last he reached the Fairy Knowe, and flung himself down on the close-cropped turf to look.

The world lay very still and dark around him, but, in the last pale lights of the spring sky, he could guess at the dark masses of the far-off mountains, which guard the secrets of the Highlands in their hearts. Below, in the plain where half of Scottish history has been lost or won, he could see the faint gleams of the silver waters of the Forth, and the last lights of Stirling

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Castle on its crag. Above, the moon lay crescent and stately, a clear-cut silver bride against her dark tapestries of cloud. She held even the winds and the night noises silent in her sway, as she gazed strangely down on the little hill, whose treasures of other worlds had been rifled long ago, whose secrets, nevertheless, remained inviolably her own. Riding down on her beams, the host of fairies and witches, of the dreams and desires of gods before the gods, lit on the young and ignorant mechanic of the twentieth century who lay watching beneath her. And, lying there, he fell asleep.

How long he slept he could not tell, or what dream or impulse had seized on him in sleep. But he woke to find himself pulling with his hands at the turf, overcome by an unreasoning but wholly imperative desire to dig. First with his clasp knife, then with his hard nervous hands he worked, feverishly flinging aside the soil, all that was waking in him mocking, all that was dreaming urging him on. By night we exaggerate our dreams, by day we undervalue them, but probably Charles had only dug some two feet when he felt the touch of metal, and drew out a little coin. And as he wiped it clean on his sleeve and looked at it by moonlight, his feeling was only of disappointment. For he held nothing but a small copper halfpenny, old indeed and rubbed, and marked with what was clearly antique lettering. That was all, and it seemed a poor enough gift from the moon, still triumphing over the clouds above him. He was going to put it in his pocket and turn to go down, when suddenly, near him in the soft darkness, between him and the moon goddess, there came the vision of a face.

Never before in his life had Charles seen it, and never, he felt, could he hope to see any such loveliness again. There was a certainty and clarity which removed the vision from the world of sleep, a mystery which divorced it altogether from this world, a spiritual nearness which distinguished it from any one he had known in life. That a soul looked at his soul, a heart at his heart, was what he realized most clearly, but, externally, this is what he saw. Before him was a woman's face framed by a white veil which shrouded her dark hair. Pale and proud, her delicately perfect features rose above a long white neck. Exquisite lips trembled into a smile, but the eyes were dimmed by tears. They were long and narrow eyes, framed by dark brows and lashes; they were dark with the darkness that has changing lights and shadows in it. They were misty with unshed tears, but they had in them the brightness of the love and tragedy of a world's queen. They gazed over him, in tender yet defiant appeal, to a world beyond him; and every wish and passion of Charles's life faded utterly before one overmastering longing that they might turn to meet his. Those eyes were the only realities in a land of shadows. They woke him to life, and they destroyed his everyday world in one moment. And when the vision faded, as suddenly as it came, and, in despair, at last he made his unseeing way through the woods, he only knew one hope, that he might see the lady of his dreams again. Who or what she was he did not know. It seemed to matter very little compared with that one hope. Life had ended for him, and life had begun. So he made his way home.

II

It was to a commonplace world that Charles awoke next morning, and to real life as exemplified by Florrie. As he escorted her to Stirling, to meet the train which was to carry her back to Edinburgh and business, he could almost persuade himself that last night

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had been spent in nothing but dreams. Florrie's conversation was calculated, indeed, to put any dreams to flight.

'Tell me all about yourself,' she said at the station. She spoke with a coy sharpness, born of her nightly reflections that four pounds a week would not go very far towards the splendors of the little home she had once hoped for, that she knew nothing of Charles's belongings, and that Mr. Williams, manager of the showrooms, might be rather relieved than disappointed at her news.

'Well, I've not much to tell, Florrie. I'm just an ordinary man, I expect.'

'I mean about your work and all. Where'll we have to live? In Falkirk? That won't be too gay, will it? What is your position exactly, and what's your chances of a rise?'

Charles discussed his market value meekly.

'Oh, well, we must hope,' she said. 'Now tell me all about your people.'

'You'll love my mother,' said the tactless Charles submissively. 'She lives with me, you know, and I'm all she's got. She still keeps the little shop my father had, though I often tell her she's no need to.'

It was with a sharp homily on the impossibility of relations-in-law living together in unity, and a definition of the impassable social barrier between the son of a shopkeeper and the proud daughter of an insolvent commercial traveler that the two parted. Not for one moment did Florrie intend to give Charles his freedom, but the time for acquiescing amiability was over.

Left to himself Charles wandered up the old town to the Castle, and there looked round him with a dreary absent-mindedness, not much relieved by the recitals of the guides. Doubts about Florrie and her relations with his mother were engrossing enough to dispel dreams, and he was glad when the end of the ceremony came. As he fumbled for a sixpence he came across the fairy coin.

He looked at it vaguely as he waited, the last of the sight-seeing party to leave the great hall, and as he looked, of a sudden, the vision came to him again. He struggled against it for a moment, for in it, to his bitter disappointment, he could not see the face of his dreams. Instead, very clearly, he saw the face of a baby, a rather ridiculous yet unutterably pathetic little figure, its head crowned by a too large golden crown, the eyes screwed up in tears. It came between him and the battered walls and pillars of the old hall, clearer than that of the tourist in front of him, and yet in no sense welcome to him. He shook himself indignantly, wondering what madness was coming over him, when the weeping eyes opened wider. They did not look at him, but he gazed at them in half-excited, half-unwilling recognition. Then the vision faded.

But Charles's excitement did not fade. He pressed eagerly with the others round the battlements, suddenly convinced that another vision would come to him. He was certain of it, and he was not mistaken, though he saw nothing in the dark chapel or haunted rooms. Only when he lingered behind the others in the Douglas Garden, gazing at the daffodils which bordered the turf beneath the battered walls, his vision came. This time he saw the face he already knew, and as he gazed he knew also that, in life or death, if he saw her again or saw her no more, his heart was hers forever. Again she did not look at him, but to-day he saw vaguely a long dark robe, hidden by shadows, and the faint outline of an indescribably beautiful arm and hand. His thoughts as he strode homewards never once touched his mother or Florrie. His chief preoccupation was

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as to whether, in time, he might come to see her more clearly. And, across that, the first wonder began to assail him as to who his lady and queen might be.

It was not without a purpose that he sat down by Miss Shaft in the drawing-room after supper.

'I came across an odd little coin in the wood the other day,' he said to her, with a queer tightness in his throat. 'A real antique, I should say. Do you know what it can be?'

'I don't,' said Miss Shaft honestly, as she studied it. 'It looks as if there were a child's face on it, but it's very rubbed. Ah! you can just see part of the inscription on it — MDX; no, I can't make out any more. I'll look it up in a book if you wait a minute.'

She came back to find him waiting. There was a smell of cabbage and acetylene gas in the ugly, many-mirrored room; the dust was blowing about in the road outside and clouds threatened the sun. She was a gray, lined, yellow-faced little old maid, and yet he stood as expectantly as another discoverer, silent upon the peaks of a new world.

'Here's the sixteenth century page, though I can't see anything that — ah, w it! Here it is! This must be it! "On the accession of the infant Queen coins were struck, bearing a child's face and the following inscription"— let me look. Yes, that's it right enough. What an interesting find!'

'But who was she?' asked Charles hoarsely.

'The infant Queen? Why, bless my soul, Mary Queen of Scots, of course. She was crowned as a baby in Stirling Castle, you know, and spent a good deal of her time there when she was in Scotland.'

Charles was staring across the plain towards Stirling. The sun was streaming in, and accounted, Miss Shaft supposed, for the sudden flush in his face and the light in his eyes. He was an interesting young fellow, she thought, far too good for that little minx, Miss Cowie

'I don't know anything about Scotch history,' he said slowly. 'What's a good book to read about it?'

'What period?'

'Oh, well, the sixteenth century, and — about her, you know.'

The early hours of the next morning found him still deep, after a happy vigil, in two old brown volumes of the Queen's life.

History, in becoming a science, has lost something of its art. When Agnes Strickland sat down to write of the Queens of England and Scotland, she was faced by no phantoms of conflicting authorities or the validity of manuscripts. From every source available she took the designs and threads for her embroideries, and worked upon them with a loving imagination which no sedate Victorian frame could rob of their vitality. So she wove, at least, many colored, glowing, intricate figures, moving in a world of living passion and romance. To one who, like Charles, had no critical or scholarly bias, there was no fault in her methods. In her pages his dream woke to a high and passionate reality. He had seen the vision, and now he knew his Queen. With flying hair and tartan hood he envisaged her, a delicately wild and beautiful child in her island of Inchmahone among the hills; pale and pure in her robe 'whiter than a lily,' when thousands around Notre Dame hailed the *petite reinette d'Ecosse* as Queen of France; hunting, singing, and dancing in a court of fairy pageants; black-robed with pearls around her neck and rarer pearls of tears in her eyes, when 'earth,' as she wrote, 'hid her sweetness'; swept weeping by the winds from France, shining like a rose in her bleak northern land; bringing

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flowers and scents, jewels and music wherever she went; beset by lovers and adored by those who died for her; exquisitely mysterious and delicately aloof, for her his heart beat as with a trumpet at every page he read. And when tragedy and ruin beset her, and clouds of suspicion and hatred closed about her, his love only burned more fiercely. 'Your niece, Maria, Queen without a Kingdom,' she signed herself to her Guise uncles, but he well knew that over her kingdom, in the hearts of those who loved her, she was queen forevermore. Every word he read was precious, every thought more precious still. He had only a week's holiday, but that week he spent in pilgrimages. Every day he sought out castles in the surrounding country, where, by Miss Strickland's authority, she had been. Three times he saw her, but never once did those eyes he loved so passionately turn to look into his. That they should so meet his one day was his chief ambition, and on that day, he knew, he would have found his kingdom.

III

When in after years his mother read his short diary, she was puzzled by its varying entries. Side by side with notes of purely technical details in his life and work came entries such as these: 'May 7th, at Linlithgow. Town Hall lighting contract. Went to Palace. Saw her in inner court.' 'May 30th, at Doune for afternoon. In white, in her room.' 'June 7th, Holiday. Saw her at Lochleven bending over water.' 'June 10th, Read *Casket Letters*.' 'June 11th, At Glasgow for Union meeting. Saw Valois portraits in Exhibition.' When Mrs. Hayter read there was no one to explain these entries to her, and indeed it was clear that, whatever they were, they had not interfered in his ordinary practical work, or in his life with her. Mother and son, being Scotch, had always respected each other's privacy and reticences, and Charles lived his dream-life undisturbed. He was so little educated or sophisticated that he never tried to analyze the nature of this dual existence. He neither dismissed the visions as mere hallucinations, nor took interest in them as psychic phenomena. They were there, and he accepted them as part of himself, and yet so removed from the ordinary duty of life that he could even sustain a vapid correspondence with Florrie, and look with resignation, if nothing else, towards an inevitable marriage in the future But the fates held other things in store for him. In early June he happened upon an experience which, for the first time, promised to unite his dreams with real life.

Miss Shaft was a lady who loved both to do kindnesses for, and to exact them from, others. Her brother, the minister of Cardonwood, on the estate of the Earls of Morven, had slipped unofficially into the position of librarian and secretary of the great house. Knowing the family to be away, and the place to possess unusual interest, she wrote to ask him to receive Charles. 'He is not one of my finds, really, John,' she wrote. 'I don't look upon him as a possible Bright or Gladstone. But he has a curious interest in history, and in the Stuarts, and you must show him all you can. He's no information, but extraordinary imagination.'

John was an obedient brother, and so one misty, dew-pearled morning in June found Charles, white and tense, in the paneled library of the historic house.

'Come and see the portraits first,' said John Shaft. 'You shall see this room later, but the light's best in the gallery now.'

Long experience had taught Charles to show a respectable interest in the

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other inhabitants of family galleries, but to-day the Wallaces and Bruces and Stuarts seemed specially meaningless until, suddenly, in a curtained recess, his heart beat fast at the sight of his Queen.

Hitherto the likenesses he had seen had to some extent obscured the intensity of the vision. This was the reality and the vision in one. As in the Windsor portrait, she wore black crape and a white-bordered cap. One pearl shone on her throat, one on her tapering finger. But here the beauty of all the ages conquered, in the painter, the stiffness of the century's traditions and the conventions of royalty. Her hair was swept from her forehead, but one lock strayed, and the faint morning sunlight shone on its chestnut lights. In her fair, pale, pointed face her red lips glowed and smiled; her eyes gazed out, no longer proud or aloof, but questioningly sad. This man alone of all the painters and lovers who had watched her beauty had realized the changing passions of her face and of her destiny. So, gayly tragic and despairingly gay, had Charles seen her in his dreams.

When he was unwillingly torn away he recovered enough to listen vaguely to Mr. Shaft's descriptions of the treasures of the library, and the value and inaccessibility of its manuscripts.

'They won't publish. It would break an historian's heart to know of all the manuscripts the Scottish nobility are holding up in their private possession. They're too proud here. They say these documents are their own family's affair, and they don't want to attract historians of the modern scandalmongering type. They may be right — *quod habeo teneo*, that's their motto, but what treasures, what treasures! When they talk about the Casket letters I could weep to think of what I know and must not say. Look at this now — a diary of one of the four Marys, kept from those years 1561–1571, they'd all give anything to know more about. Her child married into this family, and so it's suppressed here. Just look at it!'

Charles was regarding the worn, velvet-embroidered cover with enough reverence to satisfy even John Shaft. Her hands perhaps once held it.

'It was at the Bridge of Allan you met my sister, was n't it? Now just listen to this little story of a village on the Allan Water which I transcribed for my sister. Do you read French, Mr. Hayter? No? That's a pity for this period. I don't translate well myself, but she tells: "We went in cavalcade to this little village then, and the Queen was merry that day. A native told us that there is a hill of the fairies hard by and she willed to go thither." Did you speak, Mr. Hayter?'

'No, nothing. Only I know the hill. They still call it the Fairy Knowe.'

'Is that so? Well: "There we dismounted, and the Queen took from her chatelaine her purse, and from it six bawbees." (Copper coins are called bawbees, Mr. Hayter, from a coin minted in the first year of her reign, with the image of a baby on it.) "'I will give to the fairies six bawbees,' said she, 'one for each of my lovers.' 'Madam,' said I, remembering the scriptures of Mr. Knox, 'what are they among so many?' 'I know only of five,' she responded. 'The sixth shall be — ah, well, it shall be — for the last of my lovers.' So my Lord Gordon at her bidding dug a hole and we buried them, but one, I think, he kept himself." Why, Mr. Hayter, is anything the matter?'

'No, nothing. Only I happen to possess a coin of that period. Here it is.' Mr. Shaft was delighted.

'I must compare it with ours,' he declared at once. 'You take a look round the Queen's chamber at the end of the gallery. I won't be a minute.'

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Charles found his way with a beating heart to the great tapestried room. On the wall, crimson-robed figures hunted joyously among red apple trees. Outside the sun, freed from the mist, blazed on rose and crimson rhododendrons. No weary taint of guides or sight-seers was here. Bed, chairs, and mirror stood faintly perfumed with lavender and roses, as if but a minute ago its fair possessor had rustled in and out. One window was open, and in the elms without a blackbird was calling. Charles stood hesitating by the door for a minute. Then, in the great gilt mirror over the fireplace, he saw the Queen. She was robed in crimson, and on her neck was a ruby. Her face was raised, smiling and expectant, and one dark strand of hair waved on her perfect brow. Her hands were raised to it, her head bent, her arms curved. But for all her perfect grace he cared nothing when he realized the truth. She was looking, not at herself in the mirror, but at him.

How long they stood looking he never knew, but, as Mr. Shaft's tread aroused him, a presentiment swept over him of strange dignity and beauty. When he should see her again he did not know, but of this he was certain. Their eyes would not then meet in a mirror, but face to face.

'It's a pity there are n't more like you,' said John Shaft as they parted. 'It seems sometimes as if all interest in the period were dead. Why, if you'll believe me, there's hardly one old-fashioned, or one modern, life of Queen Mary which is really first rate. People dissect manuscripts now, they don't display life or character. Well, well, it will be done some day, I suppose, by one of her lovers.'

Charles went away with those last words ringing in his ears. They were the germ of a thought which became an obsession — an obsession which passed into an overwhelming resolution.

Hitherto, it has been said, he had kept his real and his dream life securely apart. The amazing story of Mr. Shaft's, that proud title 'The last of her lovers,' with which it had crowned him by right divine, and the new resolution he had made, changed all this. Florrie, indeed, he still accepted as inevitable. Celibacy in his class of life is practically unknown, and he looked upon her, without disrespect, as his inevitable housekeeper and mother of his children. But his new plan of life must change his whole position, and with this Florrie and his mother must be acquainted.

Manlike, he selected for this that most unpropitious moment, the visit of Florrie to his new home. Miss Cowie arrived from Edinburgh to spend the last week of July and the first of August, 1914, with them, and it was the very night of her arrival that he chose for his thunderbolt. His dreams and his new scheme of life had bereft him of any lingering ideas of tact or diplomacy.

The three were sitting together in the parlor behind the little shop when Charles spoke. Anyone looking in might have smiled, rather sadly, at the commonplace picture of commonplace emotions. The little room was like any other of its type. It had one table, two armchairs, four ordinary chairs, a chest and piano. It had eight mezzotints on the wall, sixteen vases or flower pots, and quite thirty-two photographs in plush frames. Everything was polished and scrubbed to the height of brilliance. The smell of damp linoleum, furniture cream, and lamp oil filled the summer evening.

The two women were like any other women in the same position. Florrie was sitting, almost impossibly refined, by the lamp with a piece of embroidery. Every angle of her large, well-curled

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head and plump person showed how strange it seemed to her that she, niece of a minister and sister-in-law of a dentist, should be condescending to marry so far beneath her. Her patronage of Charles and his mother was wonderful to see, and was having its effect on Mrs. Hayter. She sat very upright, but plainly weary with the long hours of special cleaning and cooking in honor of her son's future wife. Her square, hard face softened in its many lines as she looked at Charles, but her eyes had a pitying contempt, as well as a great unhappiness, when they fell on Florrie. She had lived and worked, borne children and served the shop with fastidious decency and honesty all her life, and now she was to be supplanted with her only remaining son by one whom she saw clearly to be unworthy of him. For her the scene was a tragedy, but indeed a commonplace one.

'Mother! Florrie!' said Charles, clearing his throat. 'I want to speak to you both about something important.'

The two women looked up. Mrs. Hayter was silent.

'Quite a start you gave me, Charles,' said Florrie affectedly. 'You're so silent I'd forgotten you could speak. We must get a gramophone when we're married.'

'What I wanted to say is this. I'm thinking of changing my work.'

'Oh, Charles! To be something more gentlemanly! Well, I am glad,' cried Florrie.

'Have ye any offer from anywhere?' asked Mrs. Hayter.

'No, it's like this,' said Charles. 'I've saved thirty pounds, and that should take me to Edinburgh University for a year. I want to do that, and after studying there I mean to write a book. I mean to write a history.'

'Charles, you're mad,' said Mrs. Hayter. She spoke quietly, but with unalterable, tragic conviction.

'Thirty pounds!' gasped Florrie. 'Why, we'll need every penny of that for furniture! And writing! Where'll you get money enough to live while you're writing a book? Now, Charles, don't be such a silly!'

'It'll mean putting off our marriage. I'll write here if my mother will keep me. I don't like to ask that, but it won't take long, I promise you, and it'll mean, I suppose, money in the end.' He spoke uncertainly. He had not thought of the horrible contingency that Florrie should live on money made by writing of his Queen.

'I'll keep you right enough,' said Mrs. Hayter, 'but you've lost your reason.' That she should either fail him or condone him was not in her nature.

'You've no right to do it,' said Florrie, with red spots on her cheeks. 'I — I'll tell you what I think about it.'

She did so at great length, again and again, in the next few days. There was more misery in the little house in the Dalkeith Road than Mrs. Hayter had ever known, even when her husband lay dying, as Charles struggled into life in the next room. The ruin of Charles's career meant the loss of everything to her. That Florrie, with all a parasite's infinite power of annoyance, meant, like a parasite, to cling to her surroundings, made the position intolerable. The battle raged fiercely for three days, and then a truce was reached. Charles agreed to write to Mr. Shaft for advice about his plan, to which he thought he should pay no heed. Till the answer came he shut himself up in his room, to read and think of nothing but his Queen. He refused to go out or to sit downstairs. He was foolish, selfish, even wicked, but he was possessed of only one idea in the world.

What sort of life the two women

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passed together, and what were Mrs. Hayter's forebodings, must rather be imagined than described. Yet is was, of course, impossible that they should in any way truly realize the height of Charles's madness. They knew nothing of the folly of his proposal. It was not only that he had none of the vast equipment he would need; he did not even know that he must possess it. He was so ignorant and uneducated that he could not realize his utter incompetence. Love, and a year at the University, seemed to him ample inspiration for his mind and pen. When that is said the utter madness of his purpose is clear enough. He was like the child whom St. Augustine found trying to put the sea into his newly-dug hole in the shore, only Charles did not even know what the sea was, or how even the tiniest hole should be made in the sand. The madness of all the lovers of the Stuarts had settled upon the last of the lovers of the unhappy Queen.

Charles saw no one and went nowhere until Mr. Shaft's letter came. His mother called him downstairs, and he left masses of foolscap, already covered with his illiterate hand, papers and books and portraits, and descended with a wild fire in his eyes. Florrie was mercifully out, and, in silence in the little room, he read Mr. Shaft's answer. It was kindly worded, but almost fiercely explicit, and as Charles read, all the towers of his hopes and dreams and ambitions came crashing round him, as suddenly as they had arisen six weeks ago.

'I think I'll go out for a little, mother,' he said dully.

He slunk out of the house and disappeared. It was morning when he left, and it was dark when he returned again.

Of the first hours of that day Charles could never bring himself to think or speak. Along the smoky highroads and grimy lanes of that coal country he marched fiercely, in the burning heat of the August sun. He never paused to rest or eat, and his hands were so tightly clenched in pain that he could see the marks on the palms for weeks afterwards. It was so, alone and devoid of hope or love, that he passed through his Gethsemane. However fantastic or impossible had been his quest, his misery was none the less easy to bear. At moments he tried to persuade himself that he would defy his mother and Mr. Shaft and Florrie alike, and persist, but some inner self knew this was impossible. He knew the truth now, and, if the truth made him free, it was only to make him free of a world with no happiness or aim for the future. And all the time like a brazen gong five words burned themselves on his brain — 'the last of her lovers.' That he, so unworthy, should bear this title, and that his life should have come to this!

Charles's awakening to life and reason again came as he walked down the long, gray, smoky street of his own town. The unusual crowds in the streets, the shouts of paper boys, the sense of crisis in the atmosphere, made him stop to see the posters. Then he bought a paper, and joined a group of his fellow men.

It was dark when he returned. His mother and Florrie sat by the lamp, facing each other with weary hostility. The strain of those days had been too much for Florrie, and almost too much for Mrs. Hayter. It was obstinacy alone which kept Florrie to her engagement now. But Charles never noticed, as he came in, no longer fierce, dejected, or broken-hearted, but with a new light in his face.

'It's war,' he said, flinging down his paper on the table.

'We know, and what about your fine plans now?' sneered Florrie. 'Who'll want to read those wonderful books now?'

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'They won't be written. There's a better life for a man at last. 'I've promised to enlist at once, mother, and I know you'll give your consent.'

'How about me?' asked Florrie, shaking with passion.

'I don't know,' said Charles, with absent-minded cruelty. 'It does n't matter — nothing matters but this.'

'What regiment?' asked Mrs. Hayter laconically, with shaking fingers.

'Why, the Scots Guards,' said her son.

There was a ring in Charles's voice as he answered. With the words his dream of his adored and exquisite Queen merged once and for all with another yet more sacred dream. France and Scotland were again to fight side by side, for another forgotten and beautiful reality. Behind her eyes and smile he saw the vision of Liberty, threatened, imperiled, and betrayed, summoning all her true lovers and their swords to her side from all ends of the world. His dreams and his deeds might for her sake, at last, become one.

IV

It is given to a few men to be happy in the opportunity of their death, and of these Charles was one. He was mortally wounded in northern France in February, 1915, and carried back to one of those famous French châteaux which have been hastily turned into hospitals at the back of the firing line. The only chance for his life was an operation, and in one clear hour of consciousness, before it was done, he had time to send a message to his mother, and to make his simple peace with God. When they wheeled him into the operating-room his strength was nearly gone, but not his courage. There, as he lay waiting, he saw something which made him catch his breath. He pulled the nurse's hand.

'Who's that over there?' he asked. 'By the window?'

'Nothing,' she replied, soothingly, with professional readiness to keep up his spirits with trifles. 'Only some old tapestry. This is called the Queen's room, they say, because Mary, Queen of your Scotland, slept here once.'

Above the ghastly tables and disarray of the room, Charles looked fixedly at the window. All in white, young, untroubled, and incomparably lovely, his Queen stood before him with a smile. And this time there was no uncertainty or disappointment for him. Her eyes looked straight into his, and in them was all the love and pity of the world; her smile met his, and her heart met his heart.

'Now,' some one said in the background, and the fumes of the chloroform reached him.

So it was that, very peacefully and contentedly, the last of the Queen's lovers fell asleep.

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NOVELS ABOUT THE FUTURE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Novels about the future, which are a comparatively recent development in imaginative literature, are probably the descendants of the old Utopia. Formerly, a writer who desired to encourage his fellows by picturing ideal life or mock them by exaggerating or inverting their peculiarities, needed only to be blown from his course by a storm which lasted six days and six nights and carried away the instruments of navigation. It was then easy to sight an unknown island, whose natives practised community of goods or propagation by fissure or whatever the writer might urge as a remedy for the evils of civilization. This was still possible late in the nineteenth century, when Hertzka made his *Reise nach Freiland* and Higgins crossed the ranges into Erewhon. But geographical discovery, which some persons erroneously believe to have taken romance from the earth, did close this avenue of invention to the romancer. The last Utopia of note was that of Mr. Wells; and here the author had to confess that he could not be satisfied with an island so small as not to have been noticed or a narrow country behind an unspecified mountain range. Nothing less than a world was enough, and accordingly he invented a world.

But this device has not been copied. The imaginative writer is often curiously bound by matters of fact. He can invent a small island or a tribe of talking monkeys hidden in Africa, but commonly he shirks imagining an island in the Pacific large enough to hold a highly-developed community. This is because he knows too well that there is no such thing, and perhaps the doubt whether life exists elsewhere or the difficulty of removing his characters from the earth prevents him from following Mr. Wells's example. He is consequently thrown forward into the future. There must be, after all, a future of some sort, and relying on this indubitable truth, many novelists have disported themselves therein during the last twenty or thirty years. The collection and examination of their works, and the comparison of their ideas, make an agreeable side issue in literature which, so far as I know, has not been explored by any amateur of such curiosities.

It offers a huge field to collector and student. My own collection, mental and tangible, is large, but it cannot include half the existing specimens. Many which I have seen — some of them books by cranks, worthless as literature or speculation, yet perhaps to the collector the most interesting of all — lie still where I happened to read them, before the fancy for such a collection took me. In some cases, I have forgotten both author and title, and only tantalizing scraps of detail still remind of books which are now hard to trace. Fortunately, I do not intend making an exhaustive study of the subject, but I recommend it to anyone seeking a theme for an academic essay, in which he may agreeably combine literature, sociological speculation, and the psychology of the mildly insane. He will find all that and more in any adequate collection of these books, and

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I shall be happy to give him any assistance I can, wishing, as one so often does, to read a treatise I lack the industry to write.

The second difficulty which meets the student when he has roughly surveyed the field of inquiry is that of definition. This seems at first sight easier than it is in reality. I have before me now a recent publication, *The Apostle of the Cylinder*, by Mr. Victor Rousseau, which corresponds well to the vague conceptions suggested by the term 'a novel about the future.' The hero is shut into a cylinder designed to preserve him in suspended animation, as biologists actually can preserve fragments of living tissue. He returns to life in 2014, in a world which, shattered by successive revolutions, has organized itself scientifically and divided its population into a small ruling class of 'normals' and various grades of 'defectives,' whose matings are strictly regulated. The purpose of the book is mainly satirical, but it contains much good incidental detail, as in the discovery of two new colors in the spectrum, 'mull, below red, and glow, above violet.' The satirical intention is in strict relation with reality. One might not believe in the evolution of a State in which the population was classified by cranial measurements and reaction tests and had its activities restricted accordingly. But, soon after reading this book, I read also a report of an address delivered before the Royal Medical Society by Dr. J. G. Adami, who is a distinguished man, but who appears to be (if I may use the term without offense) a typical defective of a type not yet recognized by his colleagues. He is defective, that is to say, in humor, common sense, and humanity; for on this occasion he advocated the retention of compulsory medical grading after the war on the ground that women would tend to 'mate' (he might, in the circumstances, have used a nakeder phrase) only with the higher grades. Since there really are men whose minds function in this way, Mr. Rousseau's inventions cannot be dismissed as mere fantasy. His parody of scientific 'thinking' is excellent, if rather bitter, fooling. In this book the broken world clings to science as its shield against disaster, and science rapidly assumes a pontifical place:

> World councils of scientists laid down the dogmas of universal knowledge in the Vienna Creed, which was adopted without dissertients, after those who objected had been put to death. The famous quarrel whether Force is of the same substance as Matter, or a like substance, was decided here. The Sames conquered the Similars, by virtue of a proclamation from Boss Rose.

Later on, a version of the Vienna Creed is given:

> I believe in Science Supreme, and Force and Matter, co-existent and consubstantial, according to the Vienna Creed, and in the Boss, the Keeper of Knowledge. That man dies as the beast dies. And that we are immortal in the germ plasm, through our descendants. I believe in Darwin, Haeckel, and Wells, who brought us to enlightenment. . . .

This is all well invented, and the climax, in which science is overthrown by the resurgent forces of humanity, relieves the mind and gladdens the heart.

I have described Mr. Rousseau's book at length, not only because it is good, but also because it is a specimen about which there can be no doubt. But it is not always so easy to decide whether any given story is admissible. A book in which the action is dated later than the year of writing is not necessarily eligible. We need not concern ourselves, for example, with political novels which begin in 1920 in order to make easy the introduction of an imaginary Prime Minister, nor are

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we concerned with Jules Verne's submarine, which did not greatly affect the rest of the world. But there are innumerable border-line cases which seriously perplex me. I am not sure whether Mr. Wells's *Food of the Gods* is to be classified as a single fantastic incident or not. There is one book, prophesying the union of the churches, which I treasure, but which causes me grave doubts. (I like it chiefly because of a Catholic priest in it, who finds one of his flock reading a book which is on the Index, and tells her that he will 'have to speak to the Holy Father about excommunicating her.') Perhaps the desired phenomenon may be defined as a novel, the action of which takes place at some date later than the present, and which reveals the social order substantially changed, either by evolution or by a single catastrophe.

This leaves us a wide range, in which many curious facts appear. One interesting point is that the nearer the prophet gets to the end of the race or the world, the more poetical he becomes. Mr. Wells's *Time Machine*, which ventures into remote futurity, is much more a product of the imagination than his ingenious *The Sleeper Wakes*, which goes only a paltry couple of centuries. It is true that his 'time traveler' finds many thousands of years hence a definite comment on our own social order in the feeble, pretty, childish descendants of the privileged classes who dwell above ground and are preyed on by the ferocious, though etiolated, Morlocks, the descendants of our proletariat, who dwell underground and eat the flesh of their late masters. But even this episode is poetically described; and the next, when the traveler goes further and arrives on the gray beach of a desolate ocean and sees large crabs crawling about in the cold air, under a failing sun, has a real imaginative quality. Flecker's *Last Generation* shows the ultimate survivors of a voluntarily sterilized generation, huddling together in a dismantled world and watching the invasion of gray apes, who, even as the last men observe them, discover the art of making fire. This is a conception worthy of the poet who formed it. In *The Purple Cloud*, Mr. M. P. Shiel describes the extinction of the race, save for an explorer who happily chanced to be at the North Pole and a Turkish girl-baby walled up in a cellar, by a poison-cloud of volcanic origin. Mr. Shiel's book, which appeared many years ago in a magazine, and was promptly forgotten, is one of the best of its kind extant, and will bear examination apart from its kind, for it rises with its wealth of imagery and fantastic passion to the level of its extraordinary theme. There is also a French book by M. Rosny, which is at least original if its details are rather too mechanically invented. Here the earth has become a desert (in complete contradiction of the latest geological theories), and the few survivors of mankind live in oases round the last springs, which are at the mercy of seismic disturbances and vanish one by one. But a new form of life has appeared, a race which the author calls *les ferro-magnétaux*, which I visualize (they are not very clearly described) as a kind of animated rust, a sort of metallic alternative to protoplasm. They are the race of the future, and they devour (by absorbing the blood in an obscure and unconvincing manner) humans who are so unwary as to sleep in the desert. When the last man finds that no water is left and that death is inevitable, he goes into the desert and offers himself as prey in order that his life may pass into that of the new race. This is a fine gesture, but the whole book is rather arid and devoid of poetry. The most poetic of all this class is, of course, Mr. W. H.

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Hudson's lovely *Crystal Age*, an age in which mankind dwells in a few widely separated patriarchal households, beautiful and long-lived, simple, infinitely wise, and in constant communion with the earth. But this is so far out of relation with anything that could reasonably be prophesied that it is rather, perhaps, a fairy-tale than a book about the future — one step further from reality than Morris's real 'earthly paradise.' It is like *News from Nowhere*, a story from which one rises with the gloom of daily life momentarily deepened.

What one might call the 'middle future' is, of course, the happy hunting-ground of the crank, who imagines the most marvelous and the most diverting mechanical improvements. In one book, the memory of which I cherish, though not, alas, the memory of its title or its author, the hero is a great scientist, who, having produced a human being by chemical processes, announces his intention of thus largely increasing the output, and is astonished (the author sympathetically astonished and hurt with him) when his reactionary fellow citizens look on the project with disfavor. But all, mad or sane, are, curiously, almost unanimous in the opinion that applied science will continue in the future at its present rate of progress. This is not questioned by Mr. Wells (save in one instance) or Mr. Rousseau or Monsignor Benson in his two pictures of an Atheist and a Catholic future. (You pay your six shillings and have the opportunity of finding each alternative equally uninviting.) Certain items of 'progress' — for example, moving pavements, gramophone newspapers, and legalized and organized suicide (sometimes called euthanasy) — frequently occur, and development on such lines, for good or evil, appears to be the common anticipation. Yet, I suppose, the reverse is at least possible. It is sketched in Mr. Wells's *War in the Air*, where the ravages of battle leave the whole world keeping pigs, without its heritage of science; but the description is not carried far enough. Much the same state is reached in Jack London's *The Scarlet Plague*, but here the population is reduced to, I think, one in thirty millions, and this should perhaps be classed as an 'end of the race book' rather than as a vision of the middle future. Richard Jefferies did it more elaborately in *After London* by means of an obscure astronomical disaster which considerably altered the configuration of the earth; but, save for a few good passages in which he described wild nature resuming its supremacy over the garden-like English countryside, and an extraordinarily vivid picture of London deserted and become a pestilential swamp, he plunged the world so deep into a new Dark Age that he might just as well have been writing about the original Dark Ages. His characters were feudal barons, who fought one another with bows and arrows, catapults and battering-rams; and except that they smoked cigars, grown in Devonshire, it is hard to see how they differ from their prototypes. What I should like to see is a book showing our present civilization sinking gradually into decay, not hurried there by some single cataclysm, but rather falling nation by nation to the state of the less satisfactory South American Republics and below it, from causes as much or as little explicable as those that withdrew genius from Athens, undermined the Roman Empire, and stopped the spirit of Gothic in mediæval Europe. I can conceive several chains of events which might lead — plausibly enough at least for a novel — to such a result; for example, a balance between capital and labor, each determined to subdue the other, and

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neither quite strong enough to manage it. It is arguable that our science is too permanently secured in books ever to be quite lost, though, as Mr. Belloc has pointed out, there must have been a great wealth of Roman technical literature which has utterly disappeared. But this possibility is not strong enough to stand in the way of writing such a novel; and, if some ingenious author would give six months or so of his time to it, I should have a notable piece to add to my collection. It is, in fact, one of the books which I should dearly like to see someone else write — but which I am damned if I write myself.

The New Statesman

THE BRONTËS THROUGH FRENCH EYES*

BY JOHN MASSON

THE hundredth anniversary of Emily Brontë's birth reminded us how very much has been written of late years about the three sisters. 'Surely that lode is worked out,' many readers will say. But there are some records which human beings do not tire of. '*Mentem mortalia tangunt*,' wrote Virgil two thousand years ago. The poet had in view those tragic ups and downs in human lives wherein character is strained to the uttermost. What comes most to the hearts of men and women is not the great successes that others have won, nor yet the famous books they may have written, but the way in which they have fought the battle of life, making no compromise with dishonor and never losing courage even when their noonday sky is dark as midnight. During a single year before the Brontë Museum had been transferred to Bradford, no fewer than ten thousand persons visited it at Haworth. What was it that drew such numbers to that bleak village among the moors? With many, no doubt, it was the fame of the sisters as authors. But with most, was it not rather sympathy and admiration for their noble combat against adverse fate? The procession to the scene of their lives was indeed a genuine pilgrimage. Nor is there any reason why the Haworth of to-day should suggest to us, as it does to a well-known French critic, a sense of defeated lives, but rather that of splendid courage against a dark background.

Space allows us to touch only on a few points. The great distress of the Brontë household was, as all know, the downfall of their brother. Branwell had become a drunkard, and disappointed all their hopes. Their long-cherished ambition to make themselves independent by starting a boarding-school in Haworth had to be abandoned. With the picture of their once-admired brother's degradation ever before their eyes, their home had become a horror to them. His debts, moreover, had to be paid up, and increased economies were necessary, and their father was becoming blind. With these grim realities pressing upon them, there are few whose spirits would

* *Les Sœurs Brontë*. By the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, Paris, 1910.

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not have been broken. But these sisters, insignificant as most people no doubt thought them, so retiring, so shy of strangers, were strong of soul; they had consciousness, moreover, of talents through which they might honestly and worthily earn their bread.

They had long had aspirations after authorship — from childhood up indeed. While at home together they used, in the evenings, to discuss the plot of the story each had in hand; once or twice a week they would read aloud what they had written, criticizing and advising on each other's work. But now, with all other avenues shut in their faces, they set to work in deeper earnest. Their one great luxury of old had become the means of holding up the breaking house. But, apart from that, what a divine gift was this of creative imagination which at once carried them a thousand miles from their now desecrated home, and as with an archangel's flaming sword drove the cares of life away for a season!

Stimulated by the genius of the poet or the romancist, all of us have been glad to escape by this magic doorway out of the stern bondage of life. But how much stronger must the wings of imagination be, in the case of those gifted with genius! Happening to take up the life of the musician Chopin, I read that after he had finished one famous work of his, *The Triumphal Polonaise*, this sense reached a positive hallucination. After he had completed it, late in the evening, as he sat alone in his room playing it over, so powerfully was his imagination excited and so strongly did this react upon his nerves, that all at once it seemed to him that the folding doors of the room opened, and through them there entered a procession of warlike figures in national Polish costume, and of ladies also in national dress, all filing past him as if dancing to his music. In a kind of panic Chopin started up from the piano, and rushed out to escape from the phantoms he had himself created. This of course was a marked and abnormal intensification of imaginative power to which the musician, from the sensuous side of his art, would be more liable than any other artist, but it shows how intensely the possessor of artistic genius can live in his work. It was thus that the Brontës escaped from the grim parsonage hemmed in between the gravestones and the moor, and from the neighbors who did not understand them.*

I cannot afford to trace the success with which their brief but strenuous period of authorship was rewarded. We are proud of their achievement, as we are of the deeds of our own brave soldiers in the Great War. But the course of these lonely, outwardly quiet and uneventful but inly passionate lives was speeding swiftly to its close. In the end of 1847 each of the sisters published her first novel — *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Gray*. One year later, in September, 1848, Branwell died, three months later Emily, and in the May following Anne followed her. Thus in some eight months three crushing blows had fallen on Charlotte; she had been robbed of all who were dearest to her.

After her return to the silent house, now hardly to be called 'home,' she writes to her lifelong friend, Miss Nussey, 'The great trial is when the evening closes and the night begins. At that hour we used to assemble in the dining room — we used to talk.

* I may quote here the experience of a friend, a journalist and a man of real literary faculty. One day he was engaged in writing a short story for a magazine. The opening scene took place in a snowstorm. When he had finished the passage, it happened that he rose from his seat and went to the window. So absorbed had he been in his work that, when he looked out and saw the sky fair and the sun shining, he was so surprised that as he said, 'It gave me quite a shock to see that there was no snow falling.' Such absorption might of course become unhealthy, but it shows how the mind can take refuge from outer things in a world of its own.

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Now I sit by myself, necessarily I am silent.' Again, 'My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through,—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless,—that next morning I shall wake to them again, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not, yet, nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavor. I have some strength to fight the battle of life.' Charlotte had begun her second novel, *Shirley*, in January, 1848. She had nearly finished the second volume when in September Branwell died. Now she took up again the pen she had laid down before all these blows fell, and wrote on steadily till in September, 1849, *Shirley* was completed. There are many brave things in the history of English literature, but I know nothing braver than this that was fought out in the empty, echoing house on the Haworth hilltop, when Charlotte completed this bright and healthy book. We see her writing, and then, when a pause in her work comes, perhaps expecting the door to open and a familiar figure to enter. Then she remembers that these faces have vanished, and that there in no home critic now with whom to discuss the new chapter. But she persists in her labor. She made no empty boast when, at this darkest hour, she wrote, 'How I pity those whom sorrow stuns instead of rousing!' Mr. Henley has boasted of his 'unconquerable soul,' and preachers and writers countless have applauded his boast, for which indeed there were grounds. But far more truly than Henley, whom envy and wounded vanity could lead to besmirch the character of his dead friend, might Charlotte Brontë have ventured so bold a claim.

Shortly afterwards she writes, 'The two human beings who understood me and whom I understood are gone! I have some that love me yet, and whom I love, but without expecting or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. The loss of what we possess nearest and dearest to us in the world produces an effect upon the character: we search out what we have yet left that can support, and when found, we cling to it with a hold of new-strung tenacity. The faculty of imagination lifted me when I was sinking, three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water ever since; its results cheer me now, for I feel that they have enabled me to give pleasure to others.' These are words not to be forgotten.

A well-known French critic, the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, published in 1910 an excellent book, *Les Sœurs Brontë*. M. Dimnet writes with much sympathy and real grasp of his subject, and depicts the literary influences of the time, on the whole, in their true proportions. He says with justice in his preface that it is a mistake to regard the Brontës as simple natures. 'Their lives,' he says, 'were simple, with little of incident, ever and always harassed, but their natures were not simple.' In the facts of their biography 'everything is at once simple and complicated,' if not, indeed insoluble, when we try to reconstruct their lives.

In a fine closing chapter M. Dimnet sums up Charlotte Brontë's character and life in a sincere but somewhat merciless analysis. He says, 'The fame of Charlotte Brontë is to-day at its zenith. Still, for some reason or other, the poor girl has no triumphal air amid her triumph. Under the cold flagstones which cover their tombs Emily wears more than ever her expression of stoic haughtiness and disdainful indifference. Anne, the little saint, has

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reached her haven; she is smiling and gentle, but Charlotte has preserved some air of defeat, a sad resignation to rest which came too soon.'

'Emily,' he says, 'was incomparably the happiest of the three. She asked nothing of anyone save herself.' (But can we imagine anyone who lived so much within herself and so little socially to be 'happy' in the broad sense?) 'Anne was, while on earth, filled with thoughts of eternity, but Charlotte lived oppressed with desires which were never satisfied.' 'Both as a writer and a woman there is something incomplete and eternally thwarted in her life. It was either that she lacked good fortune or else, in the absence of this, she was wanting in energy or cheerfulness,' and he contrasts with her others, such as her sister Emily or George Sand, who fought against their destiny and conquered it. 'Charlotte is ill-starred, weak, and is marked by a sincerity which shows at every moment how defenseless she is.' Success, marriage, friendship of cultivated people — everything came too late to her. 'She feels it and steels herself to resist, but she was not made so to steel herself; she would have needed faith and love. She would have required as a necessity a life-giving catholicism which she thought one day to find in a confessional at Brussels: nothing offered itself to her except the crushed Protestantism of Anne or the haughty Protestantism of Emily, and her nature, proud though weak, did not allow her the choice. Had she possessed the gift of tears she would have our entire sympathy; as it is, she has only the pity which we give to the runner beaten beforehand who grows embittered in the contest.' So, too, with her faults as a writer, 'With all her genius she is often weak just as with rare moral elevation she often appears narrow. Literary defects and moral narrowness are the result of the cold Yorkshire village, and not of a nature in which tenderness was supreme, and which would have needed nothing but sunshine.' Thus hers was 'a little frustrated life.'

Much of this is true. Painfully true, we must admit. Yet we ought to remember that Charlotte would not for one moment have tolerated from anyone a single word of pity, such as the Abbé would fain give her, if she would only cry out enough. Self-respect and self-reliance were dominant in her, and she would have felt any compassion from others an insult to conscience, which in her was sovereign over all. The weak we *may* pity, but never the strong. When we think of Charlotte Brontë tending those whom she loved best as they slowly faded away, all three of them carried forth within eight months through the garden to the churchyard beyond its wall, and then sitting down to continue the bright and brave book begun before her sorrow, is it just to call such a woman 'weak'? It took more courage than winning a Victoria Cross to continue her task in that empty house, crowded with memories and echoing with the voices of the dead. No doubt the environment of her life, attending to household needs in the parlor and kitchen, and cut off from social culture, seems very narrow and commonplace (*banal*) to M. Dimnet. But Charlotte Brontë would have heartily despised anyone who called such work drudgery: to her eyes it not only bore the bright face of duty, but it was as natural and honorable as Brother Lawrence's service in the monastery kitchen appeared to him. 'Human feelings are queer things,' she writes in 1839. 'I am much happier blackleading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else.' (Perhaps some misplaced pity has been spent on Mrs.

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Carlyle's hardships at Craigenputtock, but she was a spoiled child of fortune compared with the Brontës.) In a playful mood Charlotte writes to Miss Martineau that 'with a magic glass one might see "Currer Bell" sometimes mending a stocking or making a pie in the kitchen of an old parsonage house in the obscurest of Yorkshire villages.' She adds, 'I think I would rather hire myself out again as a governess than write against the grain or against the mood.' I am convinced that such household work was more to her taste than writing articles by a given day and hour for London journals would have been. She might indeed be conceived as carving out some career for herself in London, if she could have left behind her the old father, in danger of the drinking habit, the two unpractical sisters, and, more saddening than all, the brother who had betrayed the generous trust and pride of the household. But she was 'not made so' as to do this. She, the only practical person (as sound genius often is) in that unpractical household, felt herself bound in honor to keep the flagging house-fires burning in the breaking, falling house. In such an effort — and she knew the cost only too well — there was something heroic. And who shall dare to say that, in that brave heart of hers, she lacked 'faith'? It is in deeds that faith is best seen, and hers was as the light within a pharos on some storm-beaten reef, often hidden by mountainous waves but always burning on. Is this not enough?

There are chapters in *Shirley* which show how she realized the bright side of living — brave chapters to be written in those sad years. But there is something else which M. Dimnet in his able summing up entirely forgets; and that is the excessive, indeed abnormal shyness and dread of new faces, which, more than anything else, hampered all three sisters and placed them at a disadvantage all their lives through. This extreme shyness had a physical cause in some inherited peculiarity. Mr. Reid is right when he says, 'It is an entire mistake to suppose it accompanied by any morbid depression or lack of vigor or liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed.' The curious instances quoted by Mrs. Gaskell make this quite clear. At the same time intercourse with others was in this way rendered difficult for Charlotte, unless she felt some common ground. The outcome was a sense of loneliness which could become absolutely crushing, as when in Brussels it prompted the strong impulse to visit a confessional simply and solely because nowhere else could she hear a human voice in sympathy. There is something sad in this.

M. Dimnet speaks of the 'proud Protestantism of Emily,' who had, in fact, lost faith in any form of Christian belief. He also holds that Charlotte's life would have been happier had she been a Roman Catholic. But Charlotte, with her clear-sightedness, her passion for freedom, her determination to sift and test every convention, her almost fierce independence of character, her incapacity to make any compromise where either the truth or sincerity of behavior were concerned, how can we imagine her submitting to priestly authority and the repression of individual judgment? It is unthinkable; the Church of Rome was the last haven in which a spirit like hers could have found shelter. She would have stifled there. It was unfortunate that she came so little into contact with religious people of any intelligent or spiritual type. Churchman and Dissenter in the England of that day were separated by a deep gulf of mutual ignorance and mutual contempt, for the contempt was not all on one side.

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But for this she might have fared better. Yorkshire too had its saints among those early Wesleyans. In their religion terrors had their place, but joy also, quite as much as in the case of Eugénie de Guérin, in whose belief the worthy Abbé sees so much more of gladness and peace than in Miss Brontë's. As one who knows Methodism well has said, 'It has provided the poetry and passionate inner secret of a life . . . it has caused their hearts to sing'; 'Into the lives of toiling men and women a secret joy has entered, a passion which lifts them above the world.'* The marvel is that one whose faith was so tried as Charlotte's retained it still. In no book of genius is the very spirit of the Christian ethic more truly embodied than in Jane Eyre's struggle with overpowering temptation. The Abbé continues, 'How different a life Charlotte might have led, had she gone up to London! She might have had a *salon* of her own, and become the centre of an admiring circle; and outgrown her rusticity and narrowness and unskillfulness. Her art would have gained. But at what a cost! In place of the uncompromising sincerity that we love her for she would have become "that monstrous product of modern artificial life, a woman of letters." But her aim, first and foremost, was to be a woman of duty. Thus she remains always simple and natural. "Charlotte Brontë was determined to owe nothing whatever to Currer Bell!" This criticism is admirably true.'

One cannot help asking Where did Charlotte Brontë find her style? It was the expression of her own marked and strong personality, influenced as that was by her life being spent not among 'the cultured,' but side by side among the Yorkshire folk with their strong individuality and hatred of formal speech and behavior, and of any authority which is merely official. One notable feature of her books is her absolute independence of previous writers, unless to some degree of George Sand. The only book which has left marked impression on her style is the Bible. All the sisters share this quality. They stand strangely outside the influences of their day. Carlyle was born in 1795, Charlotte in 1816, Tennyson in 1809, Browning in 1812. Tennyson's lyrical poems appeared in collected form in 1842, *Pippa Passes* in 1841. We can trace in her books no reflection of any of these writers. Nor do the names of Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge occur in the list of books which at the age of eighteen she recommends to a friend. It is not easy to account for the intellectual aloofness of all three from their own time. Certain natures are averse to viewing the world, either of nature or of men, through the eyes of others. They can develop only on their own lines, and are, comparatively speaking, little influenced by books though greatly so by personal friendship. The whole household indeed lived in a strange isolation of spirit, not without suffering therefrom, unless it were Mr. Brontë himself. Though he had long cherished literary ambitions, strange to say he neither knew nor even suspected anything of theirs. Moreover, he was not in touch with the finer and deeper thought then fermenting so actively in England. In a period of great thought-stirrings he was content to live in an intellectual back-water. There was no help for the shrewd, searching spirits of his children in those formal sermons which he preached. They had to face the stern riddle of the Sphinx alone, deprived of the light which from many sides was being flashed upon it. In this regard they were fifty years behind their time. The harsh, inhuman, lower Calvinism

* Miss Dorothea Price Hughes, in the *Contemporary Review* for November, 1916.

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of the day, which appealed not to the nobler instincts and longings of men, but to the base motives of expediency and fear, was even then breaking up under such influences as the pure, noble theology of Charles Kingsley and the fine teaching of Maurice, while the influence of Carlyle was wrestling mightily against Utilitarianism in religion. But references in Charlotte's letters show that these teachers were never heard of in Haworth. Rifts were breaking in the heavy-clouded sky, but the parsonage windows were too narrow or too dulled for the wholesome sunlight to enter.

It has of late become the fashion to speak of Emily as more gifted than Charlotte. Undoubtedly Emily stands as a poetess quite above her sister. Yet no prose writer is fuller of the spirit of poetry than Charlotte; indeed, her prose is ever bursting into song expressing by the mouth of one or other character her own passionate emotion or experience. Doubtless that is not the way of Shakespeare, nor that of a Walter Scott, but as a novelist Charlotte stands infinitely above Emily. She draws real people; she has passion which is healthy and true; she has the geniality and breadth of sympathy which Emily has not; amid the terrible struggle of their lives she has saved the faith in goodness, the faith which Emily has lost; in short, Charlotte is by far the more human of the two.

The London Quarterly Review

GYPSY LOVE

BY J. M. STUART-YOUNG

HERE in the heart of the town,
Hurry and noise and glare —
Ah! give me the open down,
And the full free air!

Warm is home's glowing fire,
Closing each tiring day;
But give me my heart's desire —
The wind on its way!

Farewell to tumult and strife,
Smoke in a sullen sky —
I'll find me a sweeter life,
Where the swallows fly!

Chambers's Journal

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WAR IN FICTION

BY J. A. T. LLOYD

Not long ago M. Maeterlinck apologized for words on war as though the rage of actuality could break the spell even of his magic, by which so many blackened landscapes are still pervaded. For all that, writers have persistently vied with one another in interpreting that chaos of intensity, that mingling of carnage and heroism, which has so often hypnotized, not a family, but a nation, and not for a month or a year, but for a generation or a century.

The old way of looking at war resembles closely the old way of looking at history, and readers demanded from novelists, as from historians, always the picturesque. One need only glance back at such a romance as *Tom Burke of Ours* to realize how far modern writers have left behind them the old boyish confidence of outlook. For Lever's hero war is essentially a quite normal atmosphere, and for him its horrors are as unworthy of lacrymose comment as were, for example, the shambles of Troy to the chanter of the *Iliad*. And just as one breath of our cold later realism would have made the dragging of Hector's corpse around the city of Ilion a hideous and barbarous triumph, so even a reflective pause in Lever's light-hearted annals would have revealed at least a grimace beneath the ennobling mask of war. But Tom Burke glories in slaughter as whole-heartedly as did Achilles. And his gusto of courage belongs essentially to the youth of the world. This attitude, wholly irreflective and spontaneous, was until quite recently common to all Europe, and though the Latins tempered it with a kind of halo that rings in *En partant pour la Syrie*, the difference of outlook is merely one of national temperament. Tom Burke stands for the British soldiers who held the Peninsula, the soldiers whose cold tenacity foiled the magnetism of the fugitive from Elba. But except for the fact that his hero is on the side of the enemy there is nothing whatever in Lever's attitude towards war that was incomprehensible to his French contemporaries.

In the same matter-of-fact spirit Erckmann and Chatrian dealt with war as the natural outlet for racial energy. Only for them any individual hero was inevitably dwarfed by the shadow of the Little Corporal to whose despotism of genius men and landscape, united in ruin, were veritably sacrificed as to some blind natural force which none could either control or evade. But incidentally, even in these picturesque and simple records, sidelights on the Legend escape almost unwillingly from the haze of imperial prestige. One sees, as in some minute Dutch picture, a modest home feeding with its youth the insatiable hecatomb. The silence of empty villages, even in these tranquil tales, vibrates with the accusations of ghosts whose anonymous bodies have been devoured by the holocaust of glory. For the picturesque novelist made some attempt at focusing the kaleidoscopic ravages through which the Legend traced itself over Europe. And by betraying, however exultantly, the flame-lit glory of battlefields, he was

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ever compelled to reveal the shadows cast by the stricken homes of France.

The purely romantic writers, on the other hand, have disdained the picturesque for the sake of lightening effects. For them war is life in its fullest intensity, flashing carelessly into the apotheosis of death; it is the supreme test of manhood by which alone man asserts the dignity of his race. All such writers are themselves under the hypnosis of war, but it is Victor Hugo who perhaps illustrates best the wholly uncritical interpretation of modern battles. The pity and the waste of war are for him, who understood pity and waste so well, as nothing in the scales by which human courage is weighed in Christian Europe as carelessly as in the legendary Athens. The demiurgos is at work, but no longer with phantoms. They are close to us, these heroic puppets of the Legend, and yet by reason of something incorrigibly hectic in the whole manner of romanticism the Hugoesque combatants of Waterloo are more essentially remote than the Æschylean conquerors of Xerxes. But the pagan audacity of conception lingers with the romantic poet. Waterloo flashes before his eyes like a picture conceived as a whole and remembered minutely in detail. The Greek chanter of the defeat of the Persians had been a private soldier, and the stern record of the 'Persæ' has in it something of the 'all-terrible' which belongs only to those who have sought out their destiny, and faced it uncowed even by the terrors of their gods. Hugo's exaltation is very different but he is equally unabashed, and claims equality with all but the defeated hero of the Legend himself. The great canvas is filled in unhesitatingly, as though the Battle of Waterloo were, after all, but a pause in the flight of the wounded eagles of France. Defeat signifies neither humiliation nor humility, but only yet another phase of the disillusion of chance. For Hugo the conqueror of Waterloo is a noumenon easily exposed to the last analysis. For surely it is in the very nature of things that the abnormal should be swept aside by the normal, and that genius should yield place to persistency? Rhetoric creates the atmosphere in which all is taken for granted, and one forgets to question the accuracy of too easily adjusted labels. It is enough for the reader that Wellington was the Barrême as opposed to the Michael Angelo of war. At the time of reading, it seems sufficient to state that the English conqueror was no peer of Napoleon but only a Suvorov whose hair had not yet grown gray. Then the result is stereotyped in an epigram as though, after all, words rather than bayonets preserve the *éclat* of arms. But from the mass of troops, as symbolizing not the courage of this or that nation, but rather the courage of the whole race of man, there emerges, grandiose and terrible, the Old Guard of France. And from the Old Guard of France there rises a residue of desperate men among whom a single figure, the core of the symbol, expresses for all time in a single word of scorn the defiance of all human energy.

Romanticism was the natural expression of the popular conception of war, and even *le grand* Victor Hugo merely raised to the *n*th power the ordinary man's vision of glorified carnage. But inevitably, as Romanticism gave place to Realism, a new school of writers began to analyze with new eyes the magnificent incidents which, like a series of meteors, form the parabola of the legend that led from Ajaccio to St. Helena. In *La Force Physique*, for example, glamour is stripped from war as bark is torn from a tree. In such a book man is seen not as the creator of war but as its creation. The puppet,

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too, in his turn is as indifferent as the environment that has fashioned him, and beneath the pressure of brutality there rings no cry of protest, no appeal of pity. It is war waged logically by the arch-products of war, and in such an interpretation there is the same consistency as in Romanticism. An avalanche sweeps down all who stand in its way; so troops will trample down those who are weaker, simply as a matter of course, as though obeying unconsciously a natural law. Viewed from this standpoint an army is a natural force in which the individual unit has no more isolated identity than a molecule in the human body. He is merely the expression of force in motion demonstrating the whole rage and sweep of war to which nothing is forbidden and for which nothing is sacred.

But Realism did not content itself with depicting war as the manifestation of a blind natural force, and realists went consciously to work in their process of robbing it of all romantic glamour. Stendhal, for example, in *La Chartreuse de Parme*, elaborately reduces what has been always regarded as terrible to the level of the joyously commonplace. Fabrizio finds himself entangled in a scramble of disorganized life and can hardly realize that this is no other than a battle. 'Now,' he says to himself, 'I shall find out whether I am a coward.' And a little later: 'At last I am really going to fight and kill an enemy.' The baptism of fire is robbed maliciously of all prestige, and Fabrizio finds himself musing out loud to the enraged corporal, not on the advance of heroes but on the retreat of sheep. One thinks of the charge of Victor Hugo's Old Guard, and it is difficult to believe that Henri Beyle was born nineteen years and died forty-three years before the author of *Les Miserables*. For Fabrizio is essentially the product of a mind that is *blasé* to every appeal of rhetoric, and as one follows his fortunes one is compelled to view the battle, not as a magnificent picture, but as a mere medley of confusing side issues. But under the dry spell of Henri Beyle one sees eye to eye with this hero for whom war becomes at once so little heroic. One follows him through the scramble, and gradually the inexhaustible series of incidents produces upon one the same kindling and animating effect that a journey through a much-traveled highway produces upon a child. For even though this master of the emotion of the brain is apparently almost contemptuous in his analysis of war, he has never succeeded in making it dull. He approaches war without the traditional deference but, as Mr. Maurice Hewlett has observed so truly, 'Not Livy himself can marshal the facts better, or know more surely when to sound the charge.'

It is a long road from the unlabored detachment of Henri Beyle to the equally ruthless bite of life which Maupassant gave to his slightest impression of war. There is no philosophic resistance to the glamour of war in such etchings as *Mademoiselle Fifi* or *Les Deux Amis*. In such works everything is taken for granted from one standpoint, and yet, from another standpoint, nothing at all. Only one feels, in reading him, that Flaubert's great pupil has long passed the stage of subjection to the old hypnosis. As for *Mademoiselle Fifi*, it is as true to-day, in this or that blackened château of France, as ever it was in '70. Again and again photography has given us the grinning gorged faces of exultant bandits, and it is perhaps no idle prophecy to suggest that in the long run the camera, more surely than the prayers of priests and the tears of orphans, will reveal even to the most unthinking the flesh-

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less grimace of hate and rapine that has lurked for so many thousands of years beneath the cothernus of war. Maupassant disdained photographic realism, maintaining that *les Réalistes de talent devraient s'appeler plutôt des Illusionistes*, but his story of the Jewish prostitute who avenged a slur on French womanhood does, as a work of art, precisely what the camera does as a register of passing events. No one who has read *Mademoiselle Fifi* will ever be able to hum carelessly any repetition of *En partant pour la Syrie*. And whatever else the Realists accomplished in their interpretation of war, they undoubtedly laid the swaggering ghost of Offenbach. Only the brute force still grins at us, nearly half a century later, while German officers still air their animal hubris of culture by destroying that unlabored civilization which their own race with all its toil of assimilation is so impotent to reproduce. It is the same hubris, but nemesis is nearer now, and while the pounding trotters of the conqueror challenge allegiance, the rip of bullets through his hide has brought the were-hog of Prussia to thoughts of mercy — for himself. But to Maupassant there seemed to be no nemesis to check the bestial glee of the marauders, and it is no wonder that he emphasized not only the cruelty but the monotony of the shambles.

It is from this monotony that the anglers in *Les Deux Amis* escape. They cannot resist a few hours' fishing, while the dull boom of the guns rings ceaselessly on the capital. They have been able to leave Paris, and, therefore, they will be able to return; they know the password, and in the meantime they revel in the exquisite stolen moments. That is the actual position, as the Prussian officer reminds them a little later, when he bids them buy their lives by the betrayal of Paris. The two old friends cast at each other a long regretful look for the summers they are leaving and the quiet angling that will never be theirs again, as they prepare indifferently for the indifferent fusillade of death. Then the Prussian officer orders the fish of the dead Frenchmen to be cooked for himself; it is the Superman's final comment on the paltriness of the weak.

Maupassant in his 'slices of Life' interpreted the physiology of war which on a larger scale Zola was to reveal in *La Débâcle*. Here the disorganized army of France is shown, as under X-rays, hopelessly opposing the organized forces of Prussia. And through these *documenté* pages there vibrates the fevered cry with which that now quite faded novel *Nana* closes — *A Berlin!* It is the nemesis of the conquered rather than the hubris of the conqueror that stands out in *La Débâcle*, but, without care either for the picturesque or for the romantic, Zola has thrown into perspective the actual body of the French army. For so long as men like Jean Macquart, *le simple et le solide*, are to be found in her ranks, France herself is not mortally sick. And even in that other type whose nervous exhaustion was to find expression at last in the rage of the Commune, even in the man who exclaims, *Moi, tu as bien fait de m'abattre, puisque j'etais l'ulcère collé à tes os*, there is no despair for the soul of France. For the rest, it is not Zola's province to analyze the right and wrong of war. It is sufficient for him to describe with minute physiological detail the great test and show at the same time how each of the rival nations responded to its strain.

Count Leo Tolstoy was the first writer of world-wide influence who sought deliberately to tear down the veil from the skeleton of war. Stendhal shows that the trivialities associated

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with the great moments of war are as petty as those associated with the great moments of peace; Tolstoy went much further than this. The profound moralist pierced the illusion of war and detected its fundamental lack of morality beneath the heroism and the glory with which its victims enshrined it. It is true that Tolstoy failed, just as Stendhal failed, to make war insipid and uninteresting. The author of *War and Peace* was primarily a creative artist, and when he intended to instruct he was inevitably dominated by the nondidactic persuasiveness of art. In *The Cossacks*, for example, Tolstoy found it as impossible to judge Uncle Eroshka as Shakespeare found it to judge Falstaff. But for the greater part of his long life the hero of the Fourth Bastion realized the criminal side of war, and even in *Sebastopol* itself one finds the recognition that here, on both sides, were good men killing each other without any genuinely clear motive. He was from the beginning a disciple of Stendhal, whom he greatly admired, but less even than his master is he able to dwell on the dreariness of war. His thesis dissolves before one's eyes. He becomes animated by all the color and detail that he has visualized with such astounding certitude. His insight, too, communicates those vibrations of electricity which pass from a platoon to a company, and from a company to a regiment, and then from a regiment to an army corps, until an army flashes into life beneath this vitalizing power of evocation. But side by side with the artist, the moralist peeps out of the record of Sebastopol, and in *War and Peace* the psychology of war, as opposed to its physiology, finds ample expression. Here war is laid under the microscope just as Tolstoy's old home life had been laid. The Shakespearean amplitude of Tolstoy includes the movements of vast masses of troops as easily as, for example, the details of a serf-girl's *lejanka*. And just as he had, in his records of domesticity, been able, while conceiving the whole, to reveal each individual unit in rounded life, so in his great book on war he makes not only the army corps and the army but the anonymous unit, Ivan, the Russian private soldier, stand squarely before us.

It is neither the legitimate nor the upstart emperor who reveals the soul of war, but rather Platon the moujik in uniform. And the director of this soul is not a Russian equivalent of that restless Latin conqueror who was to redden with the life-blood of his army the long snow-tracks of the steppes. He is, on the contrary, the essentially national and inarticulate Kutusoff, who grasped so firmly the great central fact of the campaign that Russia alone could deliver the Russians. But brooding on this war of national self-preservation, the moralist asks through the lips of Prince André whether any human being has the right by a nod of his head to dismiss thousands of unknown units to mutilation or death. Never in a single page, however animated by the variegated movement of war, does Tolstoy forget the long-obscured balance between right and wrong as weighed in the scales of immediate necessity. He penetrates all hearts and reveals not only the acute self-consciousness of young officers, but also that group-consciousness of masses of transplanted peasants who feel dumbly that they are being used not so much as warriors but as the merc fuel of war. The most insignificant details in the humblest lives find their place beside the pageantry of emperors on this immense canvas, and so far as war can find expression in printed words Tolstoy has in his great book unraveled the labyrinths of its strange psychology.

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Another Russian psychologist has revealed introspectively on a small canvas what Tolstoy has revealed objectively on an immense one. Garshin has minutely recorded his psychical experiences as a private soldier during that long advance which led to Plevna. No diary in the trenches to-day can sound more sensitively both the individual and the group-feeling under the organized upheaval of war. One sees that Russian officer discussing, like a veritable Petronius Arbiter, the niceties of French poetry at one moment and at another striking again and again an unfortunate private soldier in the face. And then one sees the same man in quite another phase of actuality when, after his company has been terribly cut up, he is found broken and unstrung, repeating monotonously to himself the exact number of the casualties. Garshin has drawn his picture in grayish tints revealing both himself and the ordinary Russian soldier as beings who, without pugnacity and without the lure of glory, will advance quietly and indifferently to death. As they approach the river that separates them from the final test their inner cohesion becomes absolute and all individual differences and idiosyncrasies of temperament vanish. The inarticulate mutterings against officers fade away and one realizes that one is not musing on the broodings of a single Russian soldier but rather on the group-consciousness of a vast unit, the Russian army. For this hypersensitive annotator who has written down his own soul has unconsciously merged himself in an all-absorbing unit, so that his short record of the Russo-Turkish War is as valuable, after its fashion, as Tolstoy's magnificent treatise on the Invasion of 1812.

But it has been left to Leonid Andreyev to probe the pathology of war and to tear, as from its entrails, neither glory nor glamour nor endurance, nor even crime, but the last grim secret of all — madness. Others have hown the self-conscious heroes and the self-conscious victims of war. Andreyev has depicted those in whose hearts all motive power has long died away. The outraged puppets of *The Red Laugh* are no longer the all-enduring, inarticulate peasants of Count Tolstoy; they are no longer human cogs in a vast and impersonal machine, but rather its torn and mutilated fragments, the mere *débris* and slag of war. Human nature has given way beneath the ruthless and inscrutable strain, and the gibbering of the maniac reflects the long-concealed insanity of war. Old symbols of flags and trophies are forgotten in this last hideousness of reality. Forgotten are the healing tears of self-sacrifice and the quiet pride of *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, and only the grin of fear responds to the old challenges of glory. The corpses are endowed with a new horror, and through their putrescence there echoes endlessly the sob of the shambles — the Red Laugh of War, 'We looked round: behind us on the floor lay a naked, light pink body, its head thrown back. And instantly at its side there appeared a second, and a third. And the earth threw them up one after the other, and soon the orderly rows of light pink bodies filled all the rooms.' Andreyev's impressionism verges again and again on the monstrous, but so long as the pathology, as opposed to the physiology, of war, has a place in fiction, his strange novel on the Manchurian Campaign demands attention. For it was not for Tolstoy, the moralist, who reasoned about it, but for Andreyev, who caught it as in a nightmare, to reveal in its last nudity the final outrage of war.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Both lovers of Lincoln and of dramatic literature, we gladly welcome Mr. John Drinkwater's play, *Abraham Lincoln*, the latest addition to Lincoln literature, and the first attempt, as far as we know — at any rate in this country — to put the pathos and drama of the great President on the stage. It is always a matter of surprise and regret to us that our dramatic authors should so persistently elevate one passion, that of sex, above all others, and neglect those of equal force — ambition, power, revenge, patriotism, and sacrifice. Their great prototype, the arch-interpreter of humanity, knew better. He saw life in a juster proportion, as he has proved for all time in *Julius Cæsar*, in *Macbeth*, in *Coriolanus*. He had *in excelsis* the power to see the drama of character. Dramatic history holds brilliant examples of followers of Shakespeare's traditions, and in our own day a notable instance is Mr. John Masefield with *Philip of Spain* and *Good Friday*. But the followers are astonishingly few when one reflects on the inspiration which history offers. Names leap to the mind of heroic or conspicuous figures that must, it seems, inspire great epics and dramas.

Mr. Drinkwater's play is marked by admirable restraint, simplicity, and dignity. The action covers the period from Lincoln's acceptance of the invitation to stand for the Presidency to his assassination by the fanatic Booth. Covering so wide a period and so many events, it is of necessity a series of incidents. These are set out in six scenes, and to link the incidents together the author has adopted the classic method of the Chorus, recited by two Chroniclers. This Chorus is in irregular rhymed verse, which, if not always inspired, is accomplished throughout, and at times shows much descriptive power. Take, for instance, the introduction to Scene II, after Lincoln's acceptance of his great task, which begins:

Lonely is the man who understands,
Lonely is vision that leads a man away
From the pasture-lands
From the furrows of corn and the brown
loads of hay,
To the mountain-side,
To the high places where contemplation
brings
All his adventurings
Among the sowers and the tillers in the
wide
Valleys to one fused experience,
That shall control
The courses of his soul,
And give his hand
Courage and continence.

For his study of his hero Mr. Drinkwater is much indebted, he tells us, to Lord Charnwood's *Life of Lincoln*, and his conception of Lincoln's character follows very much the lines of that able book. Though we are shown Lincoln's invincible honesty, his detestation of cant, his devoutness of mind, he is by no means a plaster saint. There is a glimpse here and there of his humor, of which we think we might have been allowed to see more; of his abrupt methods, of his peculiarities. His uncouth appearance and manners are dwelt upon, but Mr. Drinkwater is too true an artist ever to permit him to become the buffoon. 'There are some, shall we say graces?' says Lincoln to the Delegation, 'that I lack. Washington does not altogether neglect these.' 'If you send me,' he adds,

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'the South will have little but derision for your choice.' 'We believe that you'll last out their laughter,' says a delegate. 'I can take any man's ridicule,' comes the quick reply, 'I'm trained to it by a . . . somewhat odd figure that it pleased God to give me, if I may so far be pleasant with you.' We see comparatively little of Lincoln on the domestic side. The records give no very clear picture of Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. Drinkwater has deduced a somewhat shrewish if picturesque figure. But though the social scenes are pleasant and adequate enough, it is, in our opinion, with Lincoln as statesman and philosopher that Mr. Drinkwater is at his best. Here he has caught the true Lincoln spirit. Lincoln's wonderful insight, his quick mind, his unflinching honesty, his humanity, his power to stand alone, are all excellently shown. The whole scene between Seward, the two Southern delegates, and the President, where Lincoln discovers that his friend and colleague is in danger of being led into intrigue, could not be bettered. Seward is at first for some compromise: 'It's devastating, this thought of war.' 'It is,' responds Lincoln quickly. 'Do you think I'm less sensible of that than you? War should be impossible. But you can only make it impossible by destroying its causes' — words the force of which have come home to all of us during the past years of heroic agony. The fatal decision of the South is shown in one short quick interlude, with few words, but those of mighty import, which leave a dramatic silence behind them. We do not quite agree with Mr. Drinkwater in Lincoln's emotional outburst at the close of this scene, moving though it is. Much more in character, we feel, and wholly in keeping with Lincoln's 'Shakespeare habit,' is his comment a moment or two later:

'There is a tide in the affairs of men. . . .' Do you read Shakespeare, Seward?

Seward: Shakespeare? No.

Lincoln: Ah!

Lincoln's predilection for quotation, which must have been — and was, according to the play — at times extremely irritating to his friends and acquaintance, is exemplified in other scenes. With his Cabinet on tenterhooks of excitement over the successful turn of the war, he persists in reading a long extract from his pet writer, Artemus Ward, and is unmoved by their resentment. Lincoln has to meet opposition and dissension in his Cabinet, and does so with considerateness but determination. They are not with him on the question of the Proclamation to the Slaves. Lincoln is bold enough to assume the sole responsibility of the decision, if need be. 'I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I beg you to stand with me in this thing.'

Hook: I mistrust your judgment.

Lincoln: In what?

Hook: Generally. You over-emphasize abolition.

Lincoln: You don't mean that. You mean that you fear possible public feeling against abolition.

Hook: It must be persuaded, not forced.

Lincoln: All the most worthy elements in it are persuaded. But the ungenerous elements make the most noise, and you hear them only. . . .

Hook: You have, in my opinion, failed in necessary firmness in saying what will be the individual penalties of rebellion.

Lincoln: This is a war. I will not allow it to become a blood-feud.

Hook: We are fighting treason. We must meet it with severity.

Lincoln: We will defeat treason. And I will meet it with conciliation.

Hook: It is a policy of weakness.

Lincoln: It is a policy of faith — it is a policy of compassion.

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Another admirable scene is that between Lincoln and the negro, Douglass. The emotion of the negro is all the more moving from being kept in check by Lincoln's kindly common sense. 'Just two old men,' says the President, urging Douglass to sit down with him, 'sitting together and talking.' The scene provides an opportunity for an excellent definition — and condemnation — of the policy of reprisals. Southern soldiers have murdered black prisoners. Douglass wants revenge. 'Don't ask me for reprisals,' says Lincoln.

Douglass (gleaming): Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

Lincoln: No, no. You must think. Think what you are saying.

Douglass: I think of murdered black men.

Lincoln: You would not ask me to murder?

Douglass: Punish — not murder.

Lincoln: Yes, murder. How can I kill men in cold blood for what has been done by others? Think what would follow. It is for us to set a great example, not to follow a wicked one.

Mr. Drinkwater is not quite so happy in the interview between Lincoln and the two women representing strongly contrasted sets of opinion, both extreme. While Douglass is a distinct personality, Mrs. Otherly and Mrs. Goliath Blow are never more than types, though well-drawn types. The scene, however, gives occasion for an admirable exposition of Lincoln's views on war:

I too believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak, and jealous, and foolish. That's how the world is, ma'am, and we cannot outstrip the world. Some of the worst of us are sullen, aggressive still — just clumsy, greedy pirates. Some of us have grown out of that. But the best of us have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. You may say it is a wrong instinct. I don't know. But it's there, and it's there in millions of good men. I don't believe it's a wrong instinct. I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly.

A sense of tragedy, of necessity, pervades the play. We all know that the assassin's knife is waiting at the close. This sense of tragedy, when the play is acted, becomes almost overwhelming. Perhaps Mr. Drinkwater in the lines of the Chorus insists rather more on the 'glooms of fate' that hang over Lincoln than on the inspiration that carried him on, and this emphasis is more noticeable when the Chorus is recited than when read in the library; perhaps it is inherent in the awkward yet lovable and dignified figure of Lincoln going so confidently and unknowingly to death. At the moment when, in the scene at the theatre, Lincoln has been forced to his feet to reply to his applauding countrymen, the blow is struck:

A wind blows, and the brain
Is the dust that was its birth.

A friend standing by says reverently, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' We wish that in this closing scene Mr. Drinkwater had included the dramatic incident where Booth, having struck the blow, held up his dripping dagger and shouted, '*Sic Semper Tyrannis*' ('So always with tyrants'). An audience which included many Virginians, as the murderer knew, could appreciate the point, for *Sic Semper Tyrannis* is the motto of the State of Virginia. The incident, we think, would have been very effective on the stage, and would have had the added advantage of giving some hint of Booth's motive — knowledge of which is assumed as the play stands. The production of the play by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre was thoroughly in keeping with its character, being simple and impressive. Stage decoration was at a minimum — indeed, the bareness of

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the President's room at Washington was almost startling to our modern ideas. Two or three incidents or scenes of special beauty or dramatic significance stand out in the memory — Lincoln, alone in his room, gazing silently at the map of his beloved country; the interview between Lincoln and Douglass, played with admirable restraint and artistic finish; Susan, the maid, and Douglass listening to the singing of 'John Brown's Body' by the crowd as it passes by Lincoln's house and goes into the distance; Lincoln's interview with the young soldier, Scott; and the surrender of General Lee. It is to the credit of Birmingham that it should not only have produced *Abraham Lincoln*, but given it the whole-hearted support which it received. It is to the discredit of London that in the greatest city of the Empire we so seldom get the pleasure and inspiration that come from the dramatic study of heroic characters and actions:

This is the wonder, always, everywhere —
Not that vast mutability which is event,
The pits and pinnacles of change,
But man's desire and valiance that range
All circumstance, and come to port unspent.

The Spectator

LEAR ON THE GREAT WAR

My nephew and niece are never allowed to see or hear anything without receiving a reasoned explanation of it. They can tell you where all their toys were made, and they know that the Nursery Rhyme is only history in its first and most valuable form. No respect for Crown or Cloth has prevented my sister-in-law's teaching them that 'Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie' refers to an early-nineteenth-century monarch of regrettable tendencies, and that 'Little Jack Horner' represents a divine of a still earlier date renowned for his self-seeking proclivities.

It was in the hope of inculcating the value of nonsense for nonsense's sake that I recently presented them with the works of the immortal Mr. Lear. I followed up the gift with a call that same afternoon, and, much to my gratification, found them seated side by side at the playroom table with the book between them. They thanked me politely and invited me to 'come and help them.' Miss Caedmon-Smith, their governess, sat in the window, absorbed in a volume of what I took to be *Hibbert's Journal*.

Lear's book stood open at the episode of the Old Person of Spain who hated all trouble and pain.

'Ah,' I said genially, feeling more at my ease with the children than I had for a long time — 'ah! "that umbrageous Old Person" worries you, does he?'

'Oh, no,' said Clarence, 'Spain's quite easy, thank you;

'He sat on a chair
With his feet in the air

means being a nootral, of course. And the Old Person of Rheims who was troubled with horrible dreams is easy too; of course they could n't sleep quietly even in cellars with the guns——'

'But *I* don't fink it's velly kind to make fun about it, do you,

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Uncle Flank?' put in Henrietta self-righteously.

'And the Old Person of Buda whose conduct grew ruder and ruder is the Humgaryans, of course; but *who* is the Old Man of Madras who rode on a cream-colored ass? I don't see what that's got to do with the war. What *does* it mean, Uncle Frank?'

'It does n't mean anything; they don't any of them mean anything. They're just fun. Look here—

'There was an old man of the Hague
Whose ideas were excessively vague. . . .'

'But that's the Dutch people, not knowing whether to join the Germans or us,' crowed Clarence exultantly. 'And just look here, Uncle Frank; *you* know what this means, don't you — The Old Man of Vienna who lived upon tincture of senna? It's the Emprer of Austrer; even Henrietta knew that.'

'My poor children,' I groaned, 'you are quite mistaken. You think, because Lear happens to have used some of the names you have been hearing lately, that he was writing about the war. He wrote long, long before; and he only chose the names because he had thought of a funny rhyme for them. Listen to this:

'There was a Young Lady of Russia
Who screamed so that no one could hush her.

That's pure nonsense, you see; it has n't really anything to do with Russia——"

'*But*,' said Clarence, interrupting, a thing he seldom does; while Henrietta, looking at me with intense reproach, gasped, 'Ve Lelovlution!'

Shaken but not yet dompted, I was about to point to the Old Person whose habits induced him to feed upon rabbits, when Clarence himself laid his finger there.

'And that's us, eating rabbits because we could n't get any other meat,' he said.

'Eating too much afore we had meat cards.' added Henrietta sagely.

Desperately I turned the page, moving always backwards with an undefined feeling that the nearer to the beginning the nearer we must come to the nonsensical quintessence of the book.

'Look at this,' I urged, striving to keep the anxiety out of my voice; 'this could n't possibly be anything but nonsense:

'There was an Old Man at Marseilles
Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils;
They caught several fish,
Which they put in a dish,
And sent to their pa at Marseilles.'

'Ships what catch submalines!' declaimed Henrietta in tones of sepulchral triumph.

'You have n't thought about it, Uncle Frank,' said Clarence kindly; 'we knew at once that the book was all about the war d'rekly we saw the first page, with Norway *abserlutely rersolved* to be a nootral whatever happens.'

Incredulously I turned to the first page and read:

There was a Young Lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway;
When the door squeezed her flat
She exclaimed, 'What of that?'
That courageous Young Lady of Norway.

I was saved from any need for comment because at that moment Miss Caedmon-Smith closed her volume and rose, observing, 'Time for silent study.'

The children followed her to the schoolroom leaving Mr. Lear to me. Determined to refute their absurd idea, I turned to the last page and was confronted by

The Old Man of Berlin,
Whose form was uncommonly thin.

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Shutting the book and opening it at random, I came across

> The Old Man of Corfu
> Who never knew what he should do.

Internal evidence is all against me.

Punch

I see no help for it; the *Book of Nonsense* will go down not to the nurseries but to the libraries of the future, where it will stand on the same shelf with *Lillibullero* as an interesting broadside of the Great War.

IS THERE ALTRUISM?

THE fount of robin's forbearance is frozen up by the unkind touch of winter. He chases from the food table the chaffinch whose nest on the beechspray overhung his in the mossy bank, the hedge sparrow with whom he foraged in summer, the tits that shook down grubs for him, and even, or perhaps most of all, the wife of his bosom of last year, and the destined bride of next April. We cannot doubt that the mainspring of his hostility is hoarding and hamstering of a most reprehensible kind. In the midst of a waste, he sees food, and however much it may be, he will keep it for himself. Other feeders are natural enemies, and must be kept off at the expense of enormous exertions, for one will always cut in at the rear while he is charging another away at the front. Such exercise whets the appetite of attacker and defender alike. Perhaps it stirs up the optimism of robin, for in the end he seems to grow less apprehensive of the future, more complaisant to the hunger of the mob. Having established the rights of the superman, he retires to a less carnal field and allows the others to have a short guzzle.

We commonly ride two horses, the human cult of submission to others and belief in Nature with a capital N. If Nature seems cruel, selfish, or in any other way immoral, we like to think that we are short-sighted and that if we could see all, we should know that she and we were following the same universal law. Sometimes we are aware that altruism is selfishness *in excelsis*, and selfishness the truest servant of altruism. But we drive ourselves back from that conclusion. It savors of paradox and, therefore, of wickedness. It would lead us to the inextricable thought that wickedness is supreme goodness. Let us rather go back into the snow and watch the birds again.

The crow, that has not the saintly reputation of the robin, keeps his wife by his side all the winter, and they forage together. We heard a magpie in the wood calling out that he had found something, and not merely one other magpie but half a dozen hurried to the feast. It may have been a strictly family party, but even then it would be better than the case of many birds that chase their young from the parental beat as soon as they are able to fly. When the tits go a-hunting, not only those of the nest are in the band, but blue tits and cole tits join up with the great tits, and with them are commonly seen the nuthatch, the tree creeper, and the lesser spotted woodpecker. The cry of any one of them fetches all the others, and whether they come as

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parasites or *genossen*, they feed unmolested at the store that the lucky pioneer has found. It is not, however, a spread store like that which the robin tries to keep for himself. There are tree lice cocooned in cracks of the bark, winter-moths' eggs waiting for the April sun, pupæ of codlin moth or of some of the numerous carpet moths so destructive to foliage. The finder-in-gross has but opened a new mining field. Individual pockets belong to the individual diggers that unearth them. Still, there are prospectors not of the tit family that would keep whole trees to themselves if they promised especially easy and profitable hunting.

We seldom see altruism go beyond the family, in Nature. In defense of his mate or offspring, the animal's courage rises to enormous heights, though seldom to the complete recklessness displayed by the bee in defense of interests that are of citizenship rather than sisterhood. As shy a bird as the red-backed shrike will stand by his nest and growl at a man till he is within a yard of it. The little soft-billed hedge sparrow will fly in the face that is admiring her sky-blue eggs. The tit will bite the finger that is groping down the hole where she mothers her brood. So, by the way, did the tit just now that we caught in the porch, but that was because it was held in the hand and had no other means of showing itself game. The free bird takes big risks in defense of its young, but it usually keeps its head just enough not to throw its life uselessly away. If it closed incontinently with its enemy and perished, some of us would laud that act as highest virtue. Thereafter the brood would perish also. We should weep for them but not blame the parent for her share in their fate. The audacity of a pair of blackbirds buffeting a cat that threatens their young could be attributed to egoistic rage at the violation of proprietary rights. Not so the action of yellow-hammer or partridge that slips from her nest and tumbles along the road, a plainly broken-winged creature for even a four-footed enemy to catch. Here is something far more like the passive virtue of self-sacrificing. It is doubtful whether it is calculated cunning. Some suggest that it is in the nature of a paralytic stroke induced by great anxiety. If so, it always gives way at the moment when the enemy has been drawn safely away from the nest and before he has caught the crippled mother. A bird in the hand will sometimes go into a coma and thus escape, but, as far as the writer knows, this is not the case with the same kind of bird as those which seem to feign a broken wing in order to draw off attention from the nest.

The starlings are together day and night. Sometimes they hunt with the rooks and jackdaws, but generally alone. They have solved the equations of individual freedom, conditioned by the rights of others. The test of their communism comes not at feeding time but at roosting time. That is, perhaps, because many day companies join in one big army for sleep. It is the finches that have extended true flock politics to internationalism, for their foraging armies include the sparrow at one end and the buntings at the other. Their collectivism does not stand the test of dark. When the day is done, the species separate first, then the individuals, except the sparrows who roost tumultuously, in thatches and ivied trees where there are any, in London in the bare branches of the planes.

The Nation

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

BOLSHEVIKI AND PEASANTS

BY ALFONS PAQUET

It appears likely that a reaction will set in among the Russian peasantry against the Bolshevik idea of their proletarization and the communist industrial development of agriculture. The Peasants' Councils have not in all cases proved as revolutionary as the Moscow leaders had desired. In many of them influence lay with landowners, rich peasants, and so-called village usurers. The distribution of the land more or less came to a stop in certain districts, and property was even returned to its former owners in some cases, while a few peasants in others chose to continue the previous system of tenure, having succeeded in arranging easier terms. There were undoubtedly estates in every government, for instance, in the immediate neighborhood of Moscow and Smolensk, where as late as last summer scarcely any changes had taken place, in spite of the existence of the Peasants' Councils. Again, in other districts the revolution seemed to cease after the peasants had obtained control over the land previously owned by the large property owners, the Crown, the monasteries, and the Church. For here the peasants gradually refused to supply the towns with grain, and offered armed resistance to the collection of taxes and to recruitment for the Red Army. All through the summer there were peasant risings in every district of the Soviet Republic, and such risings still continue to wear a more serious aspect in the governments of Ryazan, Tula, and Moscow. As a general rule, the Russian peasant has earned plenty of money during the war, but it is paper money. He collects and buries it in pots, and so forth, to be used when anything is available for purchase. Thus he requires breeding-cattle, seed, fertilizers, and machines, which are at present unobtainable. In return for his corn and his cattle he wants to be paid, not in money, but in manufactured goods, scythes, ploughs, agricultural machines, and occasionally spirits. In other districts the appropriation of the land has been so sweeping in its methods that everything, from the vast uncultivated Crown domains and private estates to the isolated farms, has been devastated. The peasants have not only plundered the houses, but burned them to the ground, destroyed stables, greenhouses, and dairies, cut down woods, and smashed up fixtures or carried them off to sell in the towns. Hunting, fishing, timber rights are all free, and confusion reigns supreme. No plans are made for the systematic distribution of the over-crowded village settlements over larger areas, or for the extension of the road system in order to obtain full value from cultivation of the land. A reversion to mediæval conditions is reported in many districts. The old three-field system is reappearing side by side with the introduction of more intensive methods of cultivation. Fields which for years have been cultivated are covered with weeds, whose effect on the future fertility of the land now fallow must be deleterious. The effect of the destruction of the large forests on the climate of the country cannot be estimated.

This chaos was foreseen, even by the

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Bolsheviki, who wished to drive the peasants into the arms of the proletariat movement, and in order to hasten the process they ordered the appointment of 'Committees of Village Poor,' to oppose the suspect Peasants' Councils. The aim of the committees was to establish communist ownership of the land, which would be worked by proletarian agricultural armies—machines, seed, housing, etc., being provided by the State. The result has been the great shortage of provisions throughout the Soviet Republic which began with the loss of Siberia, the Ukraine, and Turkestan as sources of supply. Figures as to the decline in the area under cultivation are doubtful on account of the present state of Russian statistics. According to a statement made by Naumoff, the Agricultural Minister of that date, to the Duma in March, 1916, the reduction in 1914–1915 was already 10.3 per cent. In 1915–1916 it rose 20 per cent to 50 per cent in the Ukraine, the Volga district, and the Caucasus, and to 22 per cent in Siberia. The decline in quantity was accompanied by a decline in quality. The total livestock of Russia, amounting to 52,400,000 head in 1913, has been reduced by far more than half, to judge from careful estimates made for the Soviet Republic. The consequence has been a rise in prices. Thus in Moscow a pound of beef, which before the war cost some 12 kopecks, now costs at least 13 rubles; a pound of bacon 40 rubles as against 35 kopecks; fowls have risen from 50 kopecks to 45 rubles each; cheese from 20 kopecks to 30 rubles per pound. Even with a rationing system and the direct supply of these articles through consumers' societies to commissariats, factories, and rent committees, these prices have only been slightly modified. For days on end it is impossible to get meat, milk, and eggs in Moscow. The price of flour has risen from 3 kopecks to 11 rubles per pound. No other vegetables than potatoes, cabbage, and turnips are to be found. Assuming that the paper ruble of to-day is only worth 10 kopecks, the cost of food has risen ten or fifteen-fold since the war. This enormous rise must not, however, be attributed to the agricultural situation alone; it has also been caused by transport and storage difficulties and the abolition of private trade.

Already before the war several of the more important governments were over-populated. The revolution of 1917 has doubtless removed the chief causes of distress among the peasantry by liberating the land, but the blessings of this liberation are not yet apparent. The internal policy of the Soviet Government, which tends to introduce agriculture in the towns and industrialize the country and to revolutionize the peasantry, though important, cannot supply the latter with the technical training and grasp of this economic position which they so urgently need. In spite of the incredibly low level of civilization of the Russian peasantry, there are indications that their individualistic sentiments, slightly developed though these may be, will prompt them to resist a general proletarization and communistic method of life.

The Frankfurter Zeitung

AN EXPERIMENT IN WORKERS' CONTROL

THE demand of the workers for control over the conditions of their work and the management of the industries in which they are employed is very prominent nowadays in theoretical discussions about the future of society. It is likely, before long, to become a practical issue in an increasing number of trades. An ounce of experience is

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worth a pound of theory, and actual experiments in the association of labor with the management will therefore be watched with interest.

One such experiment — a bold one — has recently come to our notice. The firm in question is a private company engaged on the production of aircraft. It was founded some two years ago, and now employs about 1,200 workpeople, of whom nearly one half are women and the rest, for the most part, skilled woodworkers or engineers.

The management scheme is closely connected with a system of 'output dividend,' which has lately been introduced. Under this system the employees receive standard time rates, and, in addition, a dividend of 3¾ per cent on the firm's turnover, distributed among them in proportion to their time-rate earnings. The dividend is calculated and paid monthly, and every worker is entitled to his share, even though he has ceased to be employed before the month has come to an end, or was taken on after it began. When it was first proposed, this system aroused some misgivings among the local trade unionists and the boldest of the innovations in management were made in order to allay them.

The workers' share of control is exercised through three distinct channels — the workers' trustee (who has the shareholder's power of supervising the directors), the works council (which is entrusted with the control over works management ordinarily wielded by the directors), and the shop committees (which provide the machinery for dealing with grievances).

(1) *The workers' trustee* holds one half of the ordinary shares of the company, the other half being held by the founder of the firm, who is also the managing director. (Ordinary shares are the only ones which carry votes.) The trustee is required to use the voting power of the shares and to dispose of the dividend upon them in accordance with the directions of the labor members of the works council. The shares were made over to him by the founder of the firm (who at that time held all the ordinary shares), without payment of any kind. It is agreed that, if additional capital is required, it shall be raised on the best terms available, but that any additional shares that may be issued shall not carry voting power.

(2) *The works council* has general power to settle all questions of works management, wages, sales, conditions, bonuses, and dividend. The directors are bound to carry out its instructions and policy in all matters except questions of finance and capital, which they have absolute power to decide without reference to the council. The council is composed of ten members, five appointed by the management and five elected by the workers. The workers' representatives, who need not — an important point — necessarily be employees of the firm, are elected by a ballot of all the employees, each of whom has five votes. No provision is made for separate representation of the different unions, shops, or crafts, but at the present time there are on the council two woodworkers, two engineers, and one woman.

(3) *The shop committees* (which are elected by the employees in each shop) deal with individual grievances arising out of day-to-day questions of discipline and the detailed administration of the shop. For example, if a man is dismissed by the foreman he may appeal to his shop committee at any time before his notice expires. If the committee consider that he has been unjustly treated, they lay his case before the management. Several men have been reinstated in this way, the management making a point of the prin-

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ciple that it is not undignified to admit mistakes. Normally, all such matters are arranged by agreement between the committee and the management. When they fail to agree, the question is referred to the works council as a final court of appeal. If the council requires further information, it appoints two of its members (one from each side) to inquire into and settle the matter without further reference to the council. All cases are dealt with promptly, as it is found that delay in dealing with a case causes as much friction and unrest as an adverse decision.

No rules can be introduced into the works without the approval both of the works council and of the shop committee concerned.

Broadly speaking, then, questions of finance are reserved to the management, but all other questions are decided jointly by the management and representatives of the employees. Along with this share in the *control* over management, the employees are given an *interest* in management by means of the dividend on turnover and the shares held by the trustee.

When it was first proposed, the 'output-dividend' system was regarded with suspicion by the local aircraft committee, and by some of the unions who are opposed in principle to profit-sharing or payment by results. The firm invited the fullest inquiry, and, after careful investigation by the local men, the whole scheme was referred to the executives of the unions concerned. Eventually the unions allowed their members to work under it, being satisfied, presumably, that the arrangements for control over management are a sufficient safeguard against its abuse.

The management, on their side, are eminently satisfied with the results. The managing director claims that, owing to the saving in supervision, his overhead costs are lower than in any other firm doing a similar line of business, that the men respond much more readily to demands for increased output, and that discontent is non-existent. He has been much struck by the workers' capacity for constructive suggestions, and their ability to grasp complex problems in works management.

The arrangements have not been in operation very long, and it is perhaps too early to express a final opinion upon them. They have worked successfully and harmoniously so far, and there is no sign of their ceasing to do so. But conditions have been exceptionally favorable: the industry has been booming under the stimulus of a steady and insatiable Government demand. The real test will come when normal conditions of competition and uncertainty return. No experiment is a proved success until it has encountered foul weather as well as fair.

In considering whether similar methods could be adopted by other firms and other industries, certain peculiar characteristics of this particular case must be remembered. The capital was small, and all the voting shares were controlled by one man, who was closely associated with the actual management of the works. For this reason, changes could be made rapidly and smoothly which it would have been very difficult to carry through if there had been a large capital and many shareholders whose connection with the working of the firm was more remote. For example, the transference of half the voting shares to a workers' trustee would scarcely have been possible in a large public company. On the other hand, an 'output-dividend' system might excite a great deal of opposition (especially in trades where the objection to profit sharing or payment by results is deeply rooted), unless it

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were accompanied by at least as great a measure of self-government as was conceded in this case.

There are dangers, too, in an arrangement of this kind which are not serious when it is confined to one comparatively small firm, but would loom large if it became common. For the consumer, there is the risk that employers and employed may form a profiteering alliance, since the employed are given a direct interest in prices and sales. For labor, there is the risk that allegiance to the firm may compete with and undermine allegiance to the union.

At the same time, the demand for 'self-government in industry' will have to be faced sooner or later. Here is a plan conceived on bold lines, worked out in detail and put into operation. It may not be suitable for imitation in every particular, but it will at least provide suggestions and warnings that may help towards the solution of the problem.

The Economist

AN EAST END RABBI

BY LEOPOLD SPERO

PALE winter sunlight filters through the panes
Murky with dirt neglected, and it falls
Across rude benches and discolored walls
And on the single figure that remains
Huddled above a holy book, and strains
A dim eye to the Hebrew capitals.
Out in the shabby street a hawker calls,
A wagon rattles harshly, and the trains
Roar over sounding arches. But the old
Graybeard, his tall hat low upon his ears,
His Sabbath frock coat caught in timid fold
Around his knees, his palms beneath his chin,
Deaf to the world, sits kingly, drinking in
The golden wisdom of departed years.

The Poetry Review

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TALK OF EUROPE

ANOTHER GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN TROOPS

A COBLENZ journal has printed the following essay on our troops:

A person who was in Coblenz two weeks ago and witnessed the passage of our troops through the city knows how warmly and cordially they were entertained. To-day our field gray uniforms have disappeared from the streets and the latter are thronged with khaki colored 'conquerors.' We have become so used to sudden changes of late years that our temperamental Rhinelanders have accommodated themselves to the new situation with rare adaptability and contentedness.

It is fortunate that we do so and have avoided any unpleasant incidents. Our new masters do not make the path difficult for us — certainly not in Coblenz.

The thing that speaks most in favor of the occupying forces is that the children have speedily made friends with them. The sentry posts are usually surrounded by a crowd of children and I recently came across an American guard who was playing horse with two little shavers. To be sure, the good relations have been clouded somewhat since the children are no longer permitted on the street after dark. This measure, the order forbidding public meetings, and the introduction of west European time, are up to the present the only changes that the new authorities have inaugurated.

One thing more! These gentlemen from abroad appear to have resolved upon restoring some of the courtesies that have fallen into disuse during the course of the war. They stand up in the crowded electric cars and offer their seats to any women, even though they be peasant girls. This is a custom that surprises us, habituated as we are to the rough ways of war time, like a memory from the ancient past. They make way for ladies on the sidewalks and step aside to let them enter the shops first. Indeed, the ladies in Coblenz have been much astonished at the excessive gallantry of the Yankees. But the astonishment is mutual. The characteristic attitude of both the strangers and the natives is mutual curiosity. Recently, a number of French uniforms have appeared. They call up a different sentiment, but it is wise to conceal that.

Yes, mutual curiosity. Several regiments with flying banners and martial music entered the city. The children in the streets stared but remained impassive. One said, 'Is that supposed to be music? A man cannot march to that.' He was quite right. No effort was made to keep in step. Each instrument and each pair of feet kept its own time. The musical people of Coblenz shook their heads.

We observe with a sort of satisfaction that the strangers buy samples of all the substitutes they see in the shop windows as mementos. The only thing that surprises them is that the Germans will not sell their iron crosses. They consider them such interesting trophies that they offer considerable sums for them. Up to the present, however, so far as I know, they have not secured a single specimen. Coblenz is certainly the most fortunate of all the occupied cities. Let us hope it remains so. Both parties smilingly accommodate themselves to what is unavoidable. But we note one saddening fact. There are many Americans whose parents and whose wives were born in Germany, who do not know a single word of our language.

THE FUTURE OF YPRES

THE Belgian Government has decided that Ypres shall be left as it is, and a new city erected near the old. The old ruins, the skeletons of once lovely buildings rising from a heap of rubble, will thus remain for future generations as a warning and a memorial, a warning against the consequences of war, a memorial to a generation sacrificed in the attempt to end war. The

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possession of the city was more hotly contested than that of any other part of the line. The Kaiser wished to celebrate there his complete conquest of Belgium. A British Commander-in-Chief took its name as his title, because he staked everything to retain it, and won. It would have been impossible to patch it up, a new city would in any case have had to be built, but the new city could never have been the old. Ypres will be a shrine sacred in the traditions of two peoples, Belgian and British, and an everlasting reminder of the furnace in which their friendship was cemented.

MR. WILSON'S VISIT TO THE VATICAN

THE last week [writes our Rome correspondent] has been an eventful one at the Vatican. Besides the New Year's audience of the members of the Roman nobility and patriciate and the reading of the final decree for the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel, the young Passionist saint, there has been an unusually important event in the audience of President Wilson.

Mr. Wilson arrived in Rome on the 3d for two days as the guest of the King of Italy, and was entertained (with Mrs. and Miss Wilson) at the Quirinal Palace. On that same day he paid a visit to the Queen Mother, and a reception was given in his honor in the afternoon at the Houses of Parliament and in the evening at the Capitol. On the following day he lunched at the American Embassy, and from there proceeded to the Vatican. As on all the occasions of his progress through the town, the streets were lined with soldiers near his points of departure and of arrival. Near St. Peter's especially there was a great crowd assembled on his passage, and all the houses in the Borgo were decorated with flags and the traditional Roman hangings of tapestry and crimson draperies from the windows. Mr. Wilson reached the Cortile of San Damaso at 3.20. He was met there by a detachment of each of the several Papal Guards, Palatine Guard, Gendarmes and others, the band of the Gendarmes playing the American National anthem. At the door of the Papal staircase he was met by the members of the Papal Court on duty for the ceremony of his visit, headed by Mgr. Tacci, Archbishop of Nicea, His Holiness Maggiordomo, as well as his Private Almoner and Head Sacristan and the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Ceremonial, and the principal lay dignitaries of his court. They proceeded upstairs, escorted by the Swiss Guard, and were met on the Papal floor by the Maestro di Camera, Mgr. Sanz y Samper, surrounded by the Chamberlains on duty. On his passage through the antechambers detachments of the guard presented arms.

As the President approached the private rooms His Holiness was warned of his arrival, and came out into the private antechamber to meet him, and took him into his study, where they conversed for a little over twenty minutes. As President Wilson does not speak French, Mgr. O'Hearn, Rector of the American College, and Mr. Fraser, of the American Embassy in Paris, who accompanied Mr. Wilson to Rome, acted as interpreters. When the Holy Father's bell gave the signal that the conversation had been concluded Mr. Wilson presented the members of his suite. Mr. Wilson then paid a visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State, who would have returned the visit officially at the American Embassy if the President had had more time to dispose of in Rome. As it was His Holiness sent at once to the Embassy his present to Mr. Wilson, a copy in mosaic of Guido Reni's St Peter, carried out in the Vatican Mosaic Factory. His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri sent two richly bound copies of the new Code of Canon Law, in the revision of which he had so large a part.

The conversation which took place between the Holy Father and President Wilson is naturally entirely private, and equally naturally there are many conjectures afloat concerning it. As the interview only lasted twenty minutes, and all that was said on both sides had to be interpreted, which made the time considerably shorter in value, it is impossible that many subjects can have been treated, and one can eliminate at once the fantastic theory that the question of the reunion of churches, which it is true His Holiness has greatly at heart, was seriously discussed, and that Mr. Wilson expressed

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the willingness of the American Episcopal Churches to be joined to Rome! It is also unlikely that, as the other extremists maintain, the conversation had no political importance at all. The only statements that have any real bearing on the case are those contained in an interview with Mgr. Cerretti in France. Mgr. Cerretti is reported to have said that in his interview with Mr. Wilson he was entrusted with a message from the Holy Father regarding certain questions of religious and diplomatic importance, and among them those concerning the means of assuring the future peace of the world and the right re-constitution of Europe, and the question of indemnities and reparation of injustice. On these matters the Holy Father and President Wilson have many views in common, as the expression of these views in the past has proved, and a personal interview was desired to satisfactorily dispose of one or two of these points.

THE LAST OF THE ROSSETTIS

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, who died recently, was one of the last of Ruskin's intimate friends. He was in his ninetieth year, and published his last book, I think, when he was eighty. I never saw him, and he was not the kind of man about whom anecdotes clustered. His literary work, principally concerned with the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, was competent, but no more. He wrote a dull, very loyal, biography of his brother Gabriel, and it was to his credit that he (with Swinburne) forced the public to study Blake when Blake was neglected. He was friendly with almost all the Victorian great, a safe friend who had no illusions about his own powers. As a man of letters he lived, to a large extent, upon his golden prime when he was one of the seven members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and edited the *Germ*, most famous of ephemeridæ and now worth its weight in gold. But he was also one of the band of scholars who worked devotedly and patiently during the nineteenth century at restoring the text, and increasing the reputation, of Shelley, urged on to this by his associates who were too busily engaged in original work to do more than encourage him. He was not perhaps the best of those who worked this field. He can hardly be ranked above Mr. Harry Buxton Forman. But this is a branch of literary work which can best be carried out by what may be called independent collaborators; and W. M. Rossetti's edition has its place in the development of Shelley's text. A legend was set about some time ago that he was really the poet of the family, and that he sacrificed his gift to the no doubt arduous duty of looking after his unbusinesslike brother and sister. This has an air of romantic tragedy about it which makes one want to believe it. But I am afraid it has no foundation in fact. His poems have been published (two small volumes of sonnets on democracy only twelve or thirteen years ago) and they offer no support for the theory.

THE CHINESE DEFENDERS OF THE BOLSHEVIK RÉGIME

THE illustrated supplement to *Voörujenny Narod* gives an account of the Petrograd Chinese International Force.

It is housed in Kirochnaya Street, in the barracks, where the Gendarme Division used to be quartered.

The premises are large and light. The yellow international warriors are excellently cared for; each has his own bedstead, bed linen, etc. The food is the ordinary Red Army ration. No especial Chinese dishes are provided, but, nevertheless, the soldiers' physical condition is splendid.

The most superficial acquaintance with the internal life of the force will convince anyone that its discipline is very strict.

The command of the force does not itself impose any disciplinary punishments, and certainly not corporal punishment. It merely informs Shan-Tan-Ho, the organizer of Chinese Forces, of the fault that has been noted, and he gives the needful order, as from himself, in consonance with the psychology and customs of his compatriots.

In spite of the strictness of the discipline, and although all the soldiers are volunteers, desertion is pretty frequent. A Chinaman who has got into difficulties enters the force, is fed, warmed, clothed, and — deserts. But men like these, who are so fond of living at the country's expense, are usually very soon caught. They

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are brought back to barracks, stripped of government kit, and expelled with disgrace.

The chief of the force considers his soldiers excellent fighting material, requiring, however, a tremendous expenditure of labor and energy. The Chinese give marked attention to their training. They regard their arms almost with affection and are not willingly parted from them. No sooner does a volunteer enter the force than he is provided with arms at his own expense. A great liking is observed, too, for all sorts of distinctions and ornaments, and especially for spurs.

At present the Petersburg Chinese International Force is in the stage of being formed. Its training is not yet finished. Its strength is about that of a battalion in peace time. Its nucleus, when it was being organized, was a commando of Chinese coolies, formed from Chinese soldiers of the International Battalion, that was afterwards merged into the First Soviet Infantry Regiment.

This fundamental nucleus was, and is, increased by volunteers, among whom the prevailing element consists of men who formerly worked on the construction of the Murman railway.

The force's organizer is Shan-Tan-Ho, who has directed the organization of all the Chinese Volunteer Forces that exist on Soviet territory. The idea of creating such forces belongs to him, and he himself commanded one of them that fought in the winter of 1917 on the Kaledin-Kornilov front.

The chief of the Petrograd Force is Comrade Puchko, a former lieutenant, who was at the front during the whole of the 1914–17 campaign, in the ranks for a year and for the rest of the time as an officer. After the demobilization of the old troops he entered the ranks of the Red Army as a volunteer, and at one time was in charge of a commando of Chinese coolies.

The language of the force is Chinese, and the word of command is given in the Chinese form.

ERMETE NOVELLI

THE death is reported of Ermete Novelli, the last descendant of that great line of Italian actors which included Ristori, Rossi, and Salvini (Duse, although still alive, has not acted for a long time now). But Novelli had a specialty in that he was as great a comic actor as he was a tragedian. I do not know whether Rossi ever acted comedy, but anyone who saw him will agree that it is not easy to imagine him in a comic part. All he did and said had some of the dignity of tragedy. Novelli, on the other hand, seemed to have no difficulty whatever in passing from one genre to another. In the same week he would play Shylock, Hamlet, a couple of wretched French farces, Ferrari's play on Goldoni, an Italian classic (Alfieri or Cossa), and perhaps a *pochade* for a Sunday matinée. There is only one great actor left in Italy now — Ermete Zacconi, who introduced Ibsen into Italy.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TAGEBLATT

ACCORDING to the following paragraph, clipped from the *Tageblatt*, the business of getting out a newspaper in Berlin is evidently no task for the timid.

We must ask our readers not to underestimate the difficulties under which the paper is still being produced. In the neighborhood of our offices, which are shrouded in complete darkness in the evening, shots are frequently fired from the roof or other posts of vantage, or concealed Spartacists throw hand grenades about. On Sunday evening, the technical staff and their workers had to interrupt their work for a whole half hour because there was tremendous noise, and our guard had to start firing with its machine gun. On Monday afternoon a great portion of our evening edition could not be sent out at the right time because the men at work loading the van were heavily fired upon by concealed posts. During the whole of last night, there was firing in the darkness. This condition of things makes heavy demands on the editors, the workers, and the clerks, and in case of delay we ask our readers to take account of the conditions. The houses surrounding our office will shortly be raided, and we hope that normal times will soon follow this period of difficulty.

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A STORY OF CLEMENCEAU

THE fact that the League of Nations has not yet got beyond the stage of faith is illustrated by a delightful story of M. Clemenceau told in the *Daily News* by Sir Frederick Maurice. M. Clemenceau declared that every evening at his bedside he says to himself: '*Georges Clemenceau, tu crois en la Ligue des Nations.*' And every morning 'I raise my hands and recite my new creed.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Henri Croisier was editor-in chief of the Petrograd journal *L'Entente*.

* * *

Readers will find an interesting sketch of the late **Rosa Luxemburg** in the 'Talk of Europe' department of THE LIVING AGE for March 1st. She was a Russian Pole by birth, and married a German in order to work for the social revolution in Germany.

* * *

George Santayana, late Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, and author of many distinguished books, is now living in Europe.

John Masson, M.A., L.L.D., is a critic and philologist of high distinction. He occupies the post of Classical Lecturer at Edinburgh.

* * *

J. A. T. Lloyd, author and journalist, was for many years the assistant editor of *T. P.'s Weekly*.

* * *

Alfons Paquet, of the staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is considered to be better informed on Russian affairs than any other German journalist.

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HONORS

(To the Undecorated: 1914–1918)

BY D. M. B.

The thunder of stupendous things
Surges around us yet;
But Glory flits where falls the sun . . .
There have been silent battles won,
And mighty deeds in secret done.
— Would the saved world forget?

None knows in what wild hell of fear
The brave, unflinching, burned;
Through what strange furnace of the soul
The dense lines passed to reach their goal,
Whose names adorn no Honors-Roll—
Of whom not all returned.

Great are the dead. As great are they
Whom no proud city cheers:
Thank God for all whose valor caught
Fame's fitful gleam — the light unsought;
Thank God for all whose valor bought
No rarer crown than tears.

A secret knighthood all have won,
Struck by Love's shining sword;
For each has knelt before his King,
Chalice of life-blood offering,
And needs not any outward thing
For token or reward.

Yea! These have lived — or died — and given
As Kings may give and die!
Angels have seen what none might show!
Royally meek henceforth they go!
Their joy — to know as none may know
The Peace of Victory!

The Westminster Gazette

BUTTERFLIES

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Frail travelers, deftly flickering over the flowers;
O living flowers against the heedless blue
Of summer days — what sends them dancing through
This fiery-blossom'd havoc of the hours?

Theirs are the musing silences between
The enraptured crying of shrill birds that make
Heaven in the wood while summer dawns awake;
And theirs the faintest winds that hush the green.
And they are as my soul that wings its way
Out of the starlit dimness into morn:
And they are as my tremulous being — born
To know but this, the phantom glare of day.

The New Statesman

NO ONE CARES LESS THAN I

BY EDWARD THOMAS

'No one cares less than I,
Nobody knows but God
Whether I am destined to lie
Under a foreign clod,'
Were the words I made to the bugle call in the morning.

But laughing, storming, scorning,
Only the bugles know
What the bugles say in the morning;
And they do not care when they blow
The call that I heard and made words to early this morning.

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